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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

REVIEWS.

China; being the "Times's" Special Correspondence from China in the years 1857-58
By George Wingrove Cook. (Routledge.)

OUR special correspondents have created a new kind of literature. Men of quickness, ready intelligence, ample means, and special purpose, they take the cream off the question they are commissioned to investigate, and present a more readable, rapid, yet correct view of a foreign country than many travellers who have spent years where they have passed days, and have dived into all manner of philosophical depths while they have merely skimmed over the surface of society. The *Morning Chronicle* was, we believe, the first to employ a staff of special correspondents, extra that of "our own"—men sent out to give a bird's eye view of countries and peoples, the specialties of which should be, its accuracy, its interest, its freshness, and its connection with some home topic of present importance. The art seemed to have been brought to its culminating point in Mr. Russell's masterly letters from the Crimea, until Mr. Wingrove Cooke's Chinese Letters appeared, and they are certainly equal to Russell's, graphic, stirring, and intense as those were. Where they seem to fall short it is rather on the subject than the treatment, as a didactic poem falls in interest in comparison with an epic.

There is nothing very deep or learned in Mr. Cooke's volume. He is not a Chinese scholar; he seems indifferent to past Chinese history, and not thoroughly up in his reading. His knowledge of the trade and manufactures of the country is limited to the statistics of its commerce with Great Britain, and the productions of the localities open to the English; he seems to know but little of the ceremonials or superstitions of the Chinese, although he assisted at the reception of a bride in her new home, and visited the Buddhist "Temple of the Cloudy Forest" at Hangchow, and the literature is sealed to him. Excepting his famous talk with Yeh on Taoli, he does not touch on philosophy, while his religious inquiries seem to have been bounded by watching some thousand Bonzes burn sycee paper, and noting how sundry mandarins went up to "Chin-chin joss." But he did not write his letters to elucidate any of these subjects. What he professes to write—what it was his mission and his object to write—that he does write well. His descriptions of the fights and siege operations are sketched with a light and vigorous touch, and all that came under his notice, of manners, customs, peculiarities, or information, he details powerfully and distinctly. As a pleasant gossiping book upon Anglo-China, as an earnest advocacy of certain commercial and political views, and as a faithful and vivid account of the storming of Canton and the capture of Yeh, the work stands unrivalled. Meadows, Fortune, Davis, Williams, Hue, all these, and others of the same class, are more recondite sinologists; but Mr. Cooke is equal to any of them in accuracy, if not in extent, and superior to most in graphic talent. And if we speak of what his book does not contain, it is in no spirit of fault-finding, but simply to guard our readers against misapprehension, and the

more honestly to praise what characteristic virtues it possesses.

Hong-Kong does not very favourably impress our author; neither did his first view of the Chinese as a population at Penang.

"We resent," he says, "the literal, matter-of-fact identity of these Chinamen with the other Chinamen whom we have seen carved in ivory, or painted on fans and tea-caddies. After 8000 miles of sea-sickness and suffocation one expects to see something more than the stupid expressionless pigs' eyes and bald faces, and the same attitude of stolid, grave conceit which we fancy to be a caricature when we see it on a willow-pattern plate, but find to be true vegetating Chinese life when we see it at Penang."

At Hong-Kong the same "pigs' eyes and bald faces" surrounded him, mixed up with more special local grievances, such as "winged cockroaches, crawling over the floors and tables by day, in size like mice, and banging against the lamp-glasses at night, in size like birds;" colossal spiders; mosquitoes, which cut keen slices "out of your fleshy parts;" rats running headlong through your room, to be knocked down by your "boy" and a bamboo-pole; cobras, five feet long; a climate that in twenty-four hours gives you first, a "stagnant, up-and-down fierce heat," which almost stifles you; second, a "cascade in the sky," and as "much water falling in four hours as would make wet weather in England for a month;" third, a steaming vapour bath as the sun comes out, "your clothes mildewing as you sit and groan;" and fourth, a howling tempest that sweeps raging through the suite of rooms with "twenty open windows and twenty open doors," where you had been gasping for breath in white cotton, fanned by a punkah, not five minutes before. These were some of the delights of Hong-Kong—boils, rheumatism, and ague supervened.

Our author sticks stoutly by the story of the poisoned bread, which yet good authorities have doubted. He says, contemptuously enough:—

"As to the alum bread, there is some of it in England, and several loaves of it are here. If the individual who, at a safe distance talks so sceptically upon this matter, will eat half-a-pound of this bread, it will terminate all discussion, and set the question at rest in a most satisfactory manner."

Most unsatisfactory, we would say, to "the individual," if Mr. Cooke's idea be the true one. This is the style of housekeeping, prevalent in Hong Kong:—

"Every resident, be he married or single, has his 'major domo,' his 'comprador,' a long-tailed sleek Chinaman, who is his general agent, keeps his money, pays his bills, does his marketing, hires his servants, and stands security for their honesty, and of course cheats him unmercifully. The advantage is that he does not allow anyone to cheat him. The comprador is the link between the barbarian Englishman and the civilised world of China. The Englishman knows very little of China beyond what the comprador chooses to tell him, the comprador chooses to tell him nothing worth knowing. . . . My friend introduced to me his comprador thus, 'You see, gentleman—you tawkee one piecay coolie, one piecay boy—tarnt pigeon, you savey, no number one fools—you make see this gentleman—you make him house pigeon.' This was said with great rapidity, and in my innocence I believed that my friend was speaking Chinese fluently. He was only talking Canton English. Translated into the vernacular it would stand: You see this gentleman, you must engage for him a coolie and a boy—people who understand their business you know, not stupid fellows: you will bring them to him, then manage to get him a lodging and

furnish it. To whom the polite comprador, *leniter atterens caudam*, replied, 'Hab got Scotchee one piecay coolie, cot-hee one piecay boy. House pigeon number one dearo, no hab got. Soger man hab catchee house pigeon'—'Must got'—'Haigh.'"

Accordingly our author gets a boy, one Ah Sin, who sleeps on a mat at his master's door, and is falsely suspected to live on the produce of his rat hunts. It being one of the duties of a "boy" to give the daily news of the colony at Hong Kong, Mr. Cooke was one morning duly informed by this Ah Sin, that "Missa Smith one small piecay cow child hab got." An enigmatical mode of announcing that Mrs. Smith had a little girl, which took the Englishman much deep study to understand. About this time a dark suspicion arose in the mind of our traveller; a suspicion which later received terrible confirmation, but which we dare only hint at slightly. Where does the Hong Kong milk come from?

Tired of Hong Kong, Mr. Cooke sailed northward. He passed junks hanging out their damaged silks to dry, and decking their rigging in red and yellow. He passed a brig which had been dismasted in a typhoon, and villainous-looking junks armed to the teeth, cruising about for mischief and plunder. He passed Swachow, which will be a considerable commercial port when a new treaty has placed China within the comity of nations; and the classic collegiate island of Namoa, where all the men are learned, and where more opium is smoked than anywhere else in the kingdom, one-twentieth of the whole quantity imported being delivered from the Namoa station; and then he got to Amoy. Amoy is a shabby, mean-looking place, "looking like a small slice of Wapping in very bad repair and grotesquely painted," a place not to be loved for itself, a real unsophisticated Chinese town, with the "smell of Lower Thames Street in hot noonday." Here he saw various Chinese comestibles, some of which were very appetising or luxurious; and here he saw the Amoy militia. The description of those celestial braves deserves a paragraph to itself:

"The uniform of the Amoy Militia is not strictly maintained, and their order of march is not one of severe precision. Some of them wore the huge bamboo hats which an English fruit-stall keeper would use to hold bushels of apples and to display hundreds of oranges, but which the Chinese peasants wear as shields from the sun and rain. Others abandoned their shorn heads and pendant tails to the fierceness of the mid-day heat. They all wore a sleeveless cotton jacket, with some Chinese characters printed upon it; but in other respects they presented every variety of the coolie garb—naked feet and legs, leathern sandals, thick-soled Chinese shoes, loose trousers, and cotton breeches, and stockings, were all equally tolerated among the Amoy Militia. They struggled along without much order. Two or three braves with trident spears walked first, then followed the arquebuse-men, carrying their guns as the spies from the Land of Canaan brought back their trophies, two men to each arquebuse. Then came some warriors with large wicker shields and short swords, and lastly, upon a pony, came the venerable leader of the troop, two men holding a large parachute-formed parasol over his head."

Leaving Amoy after a day's traverse, he goes up the river Yang-tse, the "Child of the Ocean," "the richest river in the world; richest in navigable water, in mighty cities, in industrious human beings, in affluent tributaries, and in wide margins of cultivated lands of exhaustless fertility"—the "*mot de l'énigme*, the secret of the great Chinese

puzzle," and so, steaming up, he cast anchor off Shanghai. Shanghai seems to be the future great emporium for foreign trade. Imports from the whole world to the amount of £3,010,511 passed through her custom-house in 1856, while £4,624,305 worth of opium in addition passed through on its way to the interior. It was calculated that the imports of 1857 would reach to nine millions, even with the set-off of the opium; but in spite of this, the value of the tea and silk exported is so enormous, that, in 1856, £4,287,990 of hard bullion had to be sent from Europe—chiefly from England—to settle the balance of trade. It is to stop this drain of silver from Europe to China, and specially from England, that Mr. Cooke so earnestly advocates the making of such Manchester goods as shall suit the Chinese market, and at such prices as shall undersell the Chinese producer, so that trade may be carried on more by barter than it is at present, and the drain of silver from us, where it is dear, to China where it is cheap, be put an end to.

At Shanghai, Mr. Cooke saw that most fearful "tomb," the Baby Tower.

"'Coffins are dear, and the peasantry are poor,' said Vice Consul Harvey, in answer to his inquiries. 'When a child dies the parents wrap it round with bamboo, throw it in at that window, and all is done. When the tower is full, the proper authorities burn the heap, and spread the ashes over the land.' There is no inquiry, no check. The parent has power to kill or to save. Nature speaks in the heart of a Chinese mother as in the breast of an English matron. But want and shame sometimes shout louder still. There is a foundling hospital in the Chinese city with a cradle outside the door, and a bamboo hollow above it. Strike a blow upon the bamboo and the cradle is drawn inside. If it contain an infant, it is taken and cared for, and no questions asked."

Children are also sold into a kind of domestic slavery by their parents, and daughters are to be bought of mothers for dishonour; female infants are constantly exposed to die of cold and starvation, and a very fearful story is told, corroborative of the aspersions. Infanticide is common, and the government tries to check it by proclamations which reason on the matter, and ask gravely if so many female infants are destroyed now, what will the next generation do for wives? This Baby Tower, drawn with Mr. Cooke's graphic terseness, is one of the most horrible pictures in the book; yielding only to the account of the prisoners found in the Cantonese prisons—an account so frightful, so supremely shocking as not to be read without tears and curses. The very soldiers of the guard wept for pity and shame, when the poor wretched starving creatures were brought out, writhing and dislocated, and dying of famine upon the court-yard stones; and if ever a nation's crimes may call down vengeance from Heaven, the hideous cruelties wrought in the Chinese prisons will bring that day of vengeance to its rising.

Leaving Shanghai, Mr. Cooke, accompanied still by a missionary friend, went up the Wangpo river in a certain craft called a Souchaw boat; a boat something like a large Venetian gondola, with plate-glass windows, carving, and gilding in the cabin, a joss house for any idol that might hit the worshipper's fancy, and with two ecclesiastical candlesticks for wax candles or joss sticks. After a few minor adventures, and many rambles on shore through villages and smaller towns, he arrived at Hangchow, the great Custom House of the interior. Here,

in the neighbourhood, he saw sundry temples to Buddha, to the Queen of Heaven, and to "hideous hook-nosed gods of India;" here, too, he saw whole monasteries of bonzes, neither whose piety nor whose learning seems to have impressed him very deeply. After some delay and many consultations he at last contrived to pass the gates, dressed as a Chinaman, carried in a palanquin, and perfectly well-known to the authorities as an Englishman; his baggage paying no duties, and the whole party passing without molestation, though "Hangchow is, next to Peking, the most zealously-guarded city in the empire;" essentially Chinese, and famous, amongst other things, for its massacre of 800 Christians, and its butchery of several of our kidnapped sailors in the opium war. This time the English expedition was fortunate; though not long since the missionary who travelled with him, in attempting to enter, had been arrested and sent back to Shanghai. The fat official at the gate turned his back, and the palanquins went safely through; the people running and crowding together to see the "fan quis," but not uncivil and by no means hostile. Mr. Cooke and his companions got out, walked about, went to tea shops as to a *café* in the Boulevards, "chin-chined joss," and looked in at the shop windows, when, after a stay of about five hours, the three Englishmen with their twelve chair bearers, and ten coolies passed out by a gate at the opposite side of the town, well satisfied with their visit, and none the worse for their daring. They then proceeded, still northward, to Hingpo, the account of which is wholly taken up with past massacres and present piracies; and then, in a calm and moonlight night, they steamed down to Shanghai again. Mr. Cooke sums up his journey thus:—

"We have passed 400 miles of country not often before traversed. We have entered four first-class Chinese cities (two of them unknown to European travellers), many second-class cities which in other countries might be classed as first, and innumerable towns and villages. Throughout the whole of our journey we have received from no Chinese an uncivil word or insulting gesture. No mischievous urchin has thrown stones down upon us from any one of the hundred bridges we passed through. No one stopped us, and no one waylaid us. It is true that the mandarins at Peh-kwan sent us a message to appear at their yamun; but when we sent answer that we would endeavour to make preparation to receive their visit on board our boats, and when Mr. Edkins had sent them a Testament, they took the evasive answer in good part, and suffered our boatmen to proceed. From this journey I draw two practical conclusions. The first is, that the authorities in China are exceedingly anxious in no way to complicate their present disputes with England, and, holding in very wholesome terror the English name, are inclined to shut their eyes to the presence of peaceably-conducted foreigners. The second is, that unless excited by the authorities, as they have been at Canton—and as they might have been here, for had the mandarins chosen to say that we were Portuguese, we should certainly have had our throats cut—the Chinese people have no objection whatever to the presence of foreigners in their cities. Whenever, therefore, the provisions of a new treaty shall open all China to every European provided with a passport from his own consul, there will be no difficulty in the English merchant carrying his own goods up the rivers and canals, and into the great cities of China. The people will be glad enough to trade with him, and the authorities can, if they will, protect him."

Since this was written, the new treaty has been made, and free communications must

be the consequence. Whether British energy and courage will wholly win the day over Chinese conservatism and prejudices, time alone can show; but we think that the ultimate settlement of the question cannot be withheld. If not in this generation, then in a future one, will China be free and open to all who choose to pass within her mean and fetid cities—free to receive and to give—free to trade and to learn—gathered among the great brotherhood of nations, her exclusiveness stripped from her, and her haughty ignorance lying like a soiled robe at her feet.

We have no space to go further into the pleasant details of this book. How Mr. Cooke gave a "correct" Chinese dinner, ordered, cooked, and presided over by real Chinese officials—how he paid his respects to a small-footed Chinese bride, nervous, twitchy, and slightly convulsive, all the same as if she had been an English girl married in Hanover Square,—how he was initiated into the cruel mysteries of small feet-making, under which barbarous process many lives are annually lost, for the attainment of a hideous and paralysing deformity, idealised under the name of Golden Water lilies,—how Yeh was captured, and what Yeh was like, how he behaved on board the *Inflexible*, and what he did, and what he talked about: of all these sparkling well-told incidents we cannot speak; for the columns of literary journals are not illimitable, and we have already occupied our full space. We can only recommend all our readers to be readers of Mr. Wingrove Cooke as well, promising them both pleasure and profit in the task, and pleasant memories when it is at an end; summing up his view of the country in his own words when speaking especially of the language, which it does not make a very fascinating study:

"In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women wear no petticoats; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of your head; where the place of honour is on your left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar, and we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people."

Every Man his Own Trumpeter. By George W. Thornbury. (Hurst & Blackett.)

We have been grievously disappointed. But the fault is entirely our own. Speculation upon the unknown, and previous anticipations of the imagination regarding hitherto unseen places and persons, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are sure to lead our fancies far from the realities. Then why do we speculate and anticipate, and so continually prepare ourselves for disappointment? Some people cannot help it. The title of a book sets us dreaming of its probable contents long before we open its pages, as the superscription in an unknown hand upon an unexpected letter. It would be far more sensible to open one and the other at once. As well speculate over an inn sign-board as to the possible aspect of the inmates; the "White Rose" may prepare you for a slim, fascinating landlady, and you

may meet a portly blotch-faced landlord in the bar. And so has the error of speculation proved in this case. Before this book fell into our hands, the title had met our eyes; and over the title we fell a-dreaming. We anticipated a novel of modern manners, a bright satirical illustration of the art of getting on in the world by a well-organised system of self-puffery, a new and sparkling version of an old story, a story told upon the stage in such eloquent language by Mr. Puff in *The Critic*, "*Es ist eine alte Geschichte, und doch ist sie immer neu.*" The art of moral trumpet-blowing is doubtless as old as the physical trumpet-blowing that blew down the walls of Jericho. Cicero blew his own grandiloquent trumpet to perfection. Horace paid Mæcenas in flattery to blow his trumpet for him, and yet kept a little trumpet of his own, the notes of which, we have no doubt, were resonant enough to produce a very pretty effect. Mr. Puff informs us how adroit were our immediate ancestors in the art of trumpet-blowing; they had evidently studied the *thorough bass* connected with the instrument most scientifically. There is nothing actually and positively new, as regards human passions and human vanities, under the sun. The idea of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," in the way our fancy suggested the subject was, consequently, trite enough. But, like the "*alte Geschichte*" of the German poet, it is still "*immer neu.*" The art of trumpeting varies in its expression, according to the changes in manners occasioned by the world's progress. We have advanced in the science even beyond the "high art" expositions of Mr. Puff. At all events, we have learned to play on our trumpets with more delicacy and refinement of tone. Proficient as was Mr. Puff, he would now feel himself somewhat behind his age in this respect. The old-fashioned air, with variations, would scarcely find a listener in a more enlightened public, and would be scouted as coarsely touched. There was plenty of scope, then, in modern science to afford the pleasantest illustrations, in a smart work of fiction, of the art of trumpet-blowing at the present day; and of such illustrations we were foolish enough to dream before opening the book. We even saw the most luxuriant field, at the same time, for an exposition of a certain amplification of the art—the fashion of trumpeting in "parts" and with choral accompaniments—the fashion of not making exactly "Every Man his own Trumpeter," but of providing yourself with a band of fellow musicians, who will trumpet with you and for you, on condition that you should accompany the other members of the orchestra in turn with as much zeal and effect. We revelled in the idea of finding M. Scribe's witty comedy, "*La Camaraderie*," expanded into an English satirical novel in three volumes. The French have certainly developed this branch of the art of trumpet-blowing to a vastly greater pitch of perfection than ourselves. But still we have some very pretty notions as to the benefits of the spirit of *camaraderie*—a word for which we have no equivalent in our language, except the hybrid expression of "cliqueism." A German author—we have an idea that it was Jean Paul, but we forget—said, "our modern friendships are commonly nothing more or less than joint-stock convenience and interest partnerships, from which both parties expect to profit; and, like modesty, which is often only an ingenious lure for further admiration, friendship is

only a more delicate way of turning those around us to the best advantage." As a practical people it would have been extraordinary if we English had not understood the beneficial workings of such "joint-stock convenience and interest partnerships" in a more extended and practical point of view. Whatever the world may say, the English are excellent musicians; and in the art of moral trumpet-blowing, in well scored parts, they are, we opine, very little behind their more lively-witted neighbours. In all this, then, we thought we had discovered a fair field for pleasant satire in a novel writer. In all this, then, we have been disappointed. As we have said, it was of course our own fault, for our speculative dreamings, and none of Mr. Thornbury's.

What then are we to understand by the title "Every man his own Trumpeter?" We are somewhat at a loss to conceive. The story before us is an autobiographical account of the adventures of a Gascon young nobleman during the reign of Louis XIV. As far as we can understand, the same title might apply to any autobiography whatever. Certainly, we are bound to say that the hero of this tale blows his own trumpet with even a louder flourish than is the customary wont of autobiographers, although we have known such, whose flourish of vanity was sonorous enough, to blow the opinions of posterity to nought, however the walls of criticism may have stood up against it. We must admit that the hero is a Gascon, and has a French prescriptive right to indulge in those rhodomontades, to which his own countrymen have given the term of *gasconades*. In this, as well as in the rambling nature of his doings, he resembles Mr. Thackeray's Irish adventurer, Major Gahagan. Now Major Gahagan, in our eyes, always trenched too closely upon the long-established rights of our very dear old friend Baron Munchausen, to excite our sympathies in any very great degree; and we are very much afraid that our Gascon adventurer treads too closely upon the heels of the major to be much more sympathetic to our feelings. He is a sort of French Gil Blas, who goes through a series of startling situations, almost wholly unconnected, but without giving us those scenes of peculiar manners and delicate appreciations of character, common more or less to human nature in all countries, but so cunningly adapted to the particular stage of the story which Le Sage has bestowed upon the world in his celebrated book.

Might we not rather suppose that the world-wide success of "*Les Mousquetaires*" of M. Alexandre Dumas had troubled the repose of the author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," and impelled him to show to the English public what he also could do upon the same ground, and with similar personages? The similarity of the materials used for the story of our adventurer is certainly sufficiently strong to justify us in hazarding the question. Musketeers, adventurers, spies, courtiers, priests, abbés, king, courtesans and great ladies, ministers, officers of state and stern colonels, tavern-keepers, cut-throats, cut-purses, faithful but humorous domestics, and charlatans—all abound as in the pages of the great French novelist. We have tavern-scenes, gambling-scenes, duelling-scenes, mess-room-scenes, drinking-bout-scenes, conspiracy-scenes, arrest-scenes, escape-scenes, palace-scenes, and prison-scenes, just as if we were reading the original "*Mousquetaires*" and their many suites through some forty years and some fifty

volumes. We miss only—and we are very happy to do so—the inevitable passion of the hero for some married female of high, middling, or low life, with which M. Alexandre Dumas, with true French prurient spirit, always insists upon fatiguing his readers. But the similarity ceases with the materials used. The author has much of the vivacity of his (presumed) model, a vivacity amounting continually to a dare-devil recklessness of style; he has abundance of startling and striking situations à la Dumas, startling and striking enough at times to pass beyond the bounds of the allowable improbability of romance; he has evidently, like the French author, a host of anecdotes, historical, semi-historical, or quasi-historical stored in his memory or his common-place book, of which he makes ample use, as suits his convenience. Unfortunately, he does not possess the consummate tact of the Frenchman, to fashion his materials in such a manner as to sustain the interest of a story, or to contrive a plot. They seem to come "higgledy-piggledy" to his hands, and in the same confused manner to be tossed before his readers. Many a man may have herbs, oil, and vinegar, and a hundred other pleasant and piquant ingredients ready at hand, and yet not know how to make a salad. It is in this proper salad-mixing, which M. Dumas understands to perfection, that the author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter" utterly fails. Adventure follows upon adventure in breathless hurry; one adventure is not ended when another begins. But no one adventure seems to lead to any result bearing upon the progress, complication, or dénouement of the story, if story there be. There is an utter want of that continuity of incident, which is more or less necessary for the compilation or construction of a romance. However sparkling and dazzling may be the gems of adventure, which the author shakes before our eyes, they fail to excite our interest when thus loosely strung together. Whilst unfashioned by art into any shape or form of ingenious construction, they compose nothing but an incongruous necklace, in which the very brightest jewels would fail to excite our admiration. It is only when we are tolerably far advanced into the third volume that we begin to find a consecutive story, which works on, through the various *péripéties* of an approved tale of fiction, with a semblance of what may at last be called a "plot," towards a regular dénouement. Then at last we find our interest excited, and at last begin to ask ourselves those questions, so necessary to be asked by all readers of fiction, if the story is destined at all to awaken their sympathies. "How will this go on?" and "how will this end?" From this starting point, which unhappily only comes so very late in the work, we cease to cavil at improbabilities, although they still crowd upon us in profusion: we accept them uncritically for the sake of the interest excited: the "pish" and the "pooh" are forgotten; and we read on without desiring (as we have so frequently done before) to lay the book down for a little rest to our wearied brain.

As we have said, the author makes ample use of the French chronicles of the time of Louis XIV. We are introduced to all the available personages of notoriety of the time. We have Louis XIV. *en déshabillé*, and in all the august courtliness of that "Sun of the Western Hemisphere," crossing the scene with due stateliness: we have "Monsieur," his effeminate brother, who, by the

way, was not a "little man," or who at all events was taller than the so-called "Majesty:" we have the ministers Louvois and Colbert, and M. d'Argenson, the famous minister of police. We have the young Duchesse de Bourgogne, in her hoydenness, but without her traditional sparkling wit; Madame de Maintenon, with her pale tranquil impassibility in public, and her inevitable maid, Manon; and the falling favourite, Madame de Montespan, the latter introduced once in a scene of frantic rage, which a variety of incongruous personages witness in a most improbable manner through an open door. We have the Abbé Fénélon and the Père Tellier, the former, of course, a model of benevolence, and the latter, as a Jesuit, equally of course, a monster of designing and intriguing villainy. We have Mansard the architect, and Le Notre the designer of the gardens of Versailles. We have Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, and Molière. They all appear before us in *proprièté personée*, and all discourse in more or less appropriate dialogue. But they pass before our eyes like pictures in a magic lantern, and are just as evanescent. They come and they go, for the greater part we don't know why, and we don't care whither. They have little or no influence upon the main destinies of our hero. D'Argenson, the minister of police, is alone introduced as one of the villains of the drama, to have an important effect upon our Gascon's fortunes; for, to avenge an unintentional personal affront, he immures the hero in the Bastille, and afterwards employs a variety of subaltern agents to work on his victim those evils which malignant villains in novels are prone to work. Madame de Maintenon also has a very minor temporary influence, by exacting from the young gentleman—no one knows exactly why—a foolish pious promise, which only leads to a most lame and impotent conclusion. The king too serves now and then as a *Deus ex machina*, when the scrambling adventures of the young man would have come to an inevitable termination or a fatal result without the intervention of some *Deus* of the kind. But, generally speaking, they serve no purpose but to swell the pages as ghostly illustrations of the period of which the author writes. The literary celebrities are all presented together at a sort of modern literary dinner given by a ridiculous *gourmand* Abbé, to which our hero is also invited. Perhaps the most curious portion of this extraordinary episodic dinner, is that in which each of the literary celebrities is made to announce himself at the knocker of the Abbé's house. (p. 183, vol. II.)

"With a succession of knocks, varying from the tremendous pomp to extreme humility of dejection at knocking at all, the guests arrived. M. La Fontaine's knock was dreamy, slow, and uncertain; M. Molière's lively and careless;" (the melancholy Molière lively and careless!) "M. Racine's grave and solemn; M. Boileau's quick and epigrammatic; the poor poet's, who borrowed, shrinking and timorous; the critic's violent and imperative; the professor's stately and laconic; the officer's smart and rattling." Now, conceiving it has been from time immemorial the practice of Frenchmen only once to raise the ponderous knocker of a *porte cochère* and let it fall again in one blow, it is at least extraordinary, even in wits of such celebrity, that they should have been able each to show such nice evidences of character in that one fall of the hammer: verily, they were great men, for they even beat the

profundity of meaning of the great Lord Burleigh in his one shake of the head.

Much, however, as the author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter" may have imbued himself with the spirit of the times of Louis XIV., he is evidently of far too impatient a spirit to control his humour to any established form of manners at that period, or to restrict himself in his language and descriptions to its fashions. We cannot think that French gentlemen of that day would have asked themselves (as the authors do continually), "Gentlemen of the Jury! is he guilty or not guilty?" or have demanded "cigarette lights," or talked in horse-jockeying slang derived from modern English practice, or adopted the foppish language of our stage exquisite of the present time, changing their "r's" into "w's" (although by the way, the *merveilleux* of the Directory systematically dropped his and said "*paole d'honneur*"), and using such expressions as "dooed hard," thus throwing off the last semblance of the real French fop of the period. Nor can we suppose that troopers relished toast and eggs and chocolate for breakfast, or that Roman Catholic old maids, swayed by intriguing confessors, quoted passages from the Old Testament, or interlarded their oburgations with references to "Hittites" and "Amalekites," like old Puritan wives. Nor do we see how a French note could contain "only one word, 'Remember'" (p. 172, vol. II.), when it must have had at least two, "*Souviens-toi*" or "*Souvenez-vous*," or how a Parisian street ever got the name of "Rue du deux Fontaine." Indeed, we are very much inclined to suspect also (so frequent are these evidences of carelessness) that when the author speaks (p. 145, vol. I.) of "a strong dapple-flanked grey, such as *Rubens* loved to paint," that he rather means *Wouvermans*.

Through such carelessness, or hurry of composition, the author often involves himself in a labyrinth of inconsistencies. For instance, about the middle of Vol. II., the hero legitimately receives his brevet as Captain: and yet subsequently at p. 287 of the same volume we find him aspiring to deeds of glory in the hopes of obtaining a captaincy. In chapter 13, Vol. I., he makes acquaintance with a certain Abbé Bellerose; and in chapter 4, Vol. II., he is introduced to the same gentleman as a perfect stranger. At one time he talks of being months and even years in Paris, and long after appears to have been there only a "week or two." At p. 66, Vol. I., mention is made of "my fair friend," when by no passage can we discover that any female is supposed to be in the room. At one time another Bellerose, a musketeer and intimate friend of our hero, is pardoned personally by the king for an offence; and yet anon we find him in the Bastille for the same peccadillo—at least, there is no mention of any other. But we might multiply these inconsistencies as proofs of carelessness to a wearying extent.

Mr. Thornbury is favourably known to the public as the author of "The Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads." In some of these there was a reckless dash, which was genial at least, if not in itself genius. But his recklessness ill befits more jog-trot prose even in a work of fiction. Of shining and dashing songs of the same description, there is a profusion in these pages, as might be expected from a successful song-writer of that description. In portions of this work, however, this wild spirit stands him in good

stead. There are some highly graphic scenes of a noisy mess-room and a low gambling house in chapters 3 and 5, Vol. I., which are complete sketches *à la Callot*. His descriptions of scenery are also bright and vivid. In the midst of laboured explications of the characters, which come before us in such distracting host, and yet never serve any purpose in the story, and along with such utter absurd and impossible scenes as those which pass within the walls of the Bastille, he can give us other scenes, which are painted in a grand dashing style that at once arrests our attention. Some of the war scenes towards the conclusion of the second volume are very stirring and striking. The laboured but well-executed descriptions of the siege of the town of St. Damien, of which the hero is made governor by the rebel *camisards*, the agonies of the beleaguered and half-starved citizens, the incidents of the attack, and the final surrender and evacuation of the town by the besieged, during the entrance of the wild rebels, are among the best portions of the book. For such pictures as these the author has a fine dashing brush of his own, full of broad colours, which he knows how to use well. He can apply more delicate and yet bright tints also, as in the scenes in the gardens of Versailles, and the groups of ladies and courtiers before the king. The chapter entitled "The Gardens of Versailles," Vol. II., is full throughout of courtly colouring. With such evidences of power we could have wished that the author had bestowed more art in the construction of his story, and greater care in the elaboration of his materials.

Early Ancient History. By Henry Menzies. (Chapman and Hall.)

MR. MENZIES'S title-page gives us no clue to his position or antecedents. He has, however, earned by this little volume a very creditable reputation among elementary students of history. For them he has written: for everybody, to use his own words, who knows "just a little" of history. His design has been to impart in a brief space as vivid a notion as possible about the leading nations in this world, from the earliest period down to the point where Persian history dovetails with that of Greece. About a third of the book, or perhaps a little more than a third, is given to Egypt. The history of that country is arranged under a triple division; the first embracing the Old Empire, from Menes to the Shepherd invasion; the second comprising the Middle Empire, or period of the Hyksos; and the third reaching from the Sesostrid dynasty to the invasion of Cambyes: in other words, taking in the period from the eighteenth dynasty to the twenty-sixth, commonly known as the New Empire period. Nineveh and Babylon, down to the fall of the last-named city, and Media and Persia, as far as the reign of Darius, go to make up the remainder of the volume, each occupying a portion considerably smaller than that allotted to Egypt. And, prefixed to the whole, is an ingenious chapter on the "Historian's Materials," not always quite correct, as we shall have occasion to point out, but pleasantly written, and giving a great deal of useful information.

Mr. Menzies deserves very high praise for the picture he has given his readers of Ancient Egypt, the outlines of which are filled in with a very careful abstract from modern Egypto-

logy. He is evidently an enthusiastic lover of this branch of his subject. And it is this enthusiasm, more than any very strongly marked historical talent, that carries the reader along with him. Hemight, for instance, have imparted a more suggestive character to the story, by keeping his own eye, and telling his readers to keep theirs, fixed upon Egypt's history as the *history of the Nile-land*. This aspect forms one great key to an understanding of its commerce and many of its revolutionary changes. On the other hand, he has put it in the reader's power to form a very fair idea of the *priesthood*, and of their influence both upon the monarch and upon the country generally. A high priest shared the royal authority; the king was shackled, both in public and private life, by religious ceremonies; the erection of public monuments was exacted from him as a tribute to the ruling religion; and all the offices of state were in the hands of the priests. Another method and perhaps, if that is possible, a less cumbersome one of viewing the *chronology* is, to divide the history of Egypt into two periods, that before Psammetichus, and that after him. The former of these two periods may again be subdivided by separating that portion of the history which precedes the expulsion of the Hyksos and the establishment of the Sesostrid dynasty. By this further division we shall come to consider Egypt from the earliest times to about the year 1600; from that period to 650; and from 650 to its subjection by Cambyes in 525. After this time Egyptian history is little more than a narrative of the frequent rebellions in the new satrapy against the Persian yoke, which at one time received the countenance of Athens, and were not finally suppressed until the reign of Artaxerxes III., nearly two hundred years after Cambyes.

It is a pity when we find scattered over a book, which at first sight promises extremely well, certain indications slight in themselves, but connoting, if we may use the term without offence, unfavourable things with regard to the author's intellectual characteristics. And there are blemishes in "Early Ancient History" which go a considerable way towards marring the pleasure of the best passages, and increasing our suspicion of the doubtful ones. A tendency to special pleading is one such blemish: Mr. Menzies cannot endure to think that the great Sesostris should so far have forgotten what was due to himself, as to have compelled captive princes to drag his chariot during progresses through Egypt. He admits that the story is not "wholly improbable," and recollects that, at a late period in the Roman Republic, gallant captives came to a certain turning in the *Via Sacra*, hard by the Capitol, where they ceased to grace the triumphal pomp, and went to be butchered in cold blood. But about Sesostris he is obstinate. For, says he, if you were to see a picture 2000 years hence, representing the Eton boys drawing the carriage of the Prince and Princess Frederick William, would you not accept it as an undoubted evidence of the tyranny of the Crown or the aristocracy? One would hardly like the happy pair to stumble upon this passage; for, really, if their Royal Highnesses looked so forbidding, and the Eton boys so miserable, as they must have done if this picture is to do Sesostris any good, the fortunate alliance would wear a very different aspect in the eyes of the bride's compatriots at least.

In another passage Mr. Menzies draws

wonderful conclusions from the death of the first-born, and the march of the Egyptians just afterwards.

"To lose at a blow a fifth part of the population—one in every house—and yet immediately afterwards to pursue the Israelites with six hundred chosen chariots, with horsemen, and a vast army, is an effort beyond what could be anticipated from the most flourishing monarchy of modern Europe. It shows a vigour in the government, and an organisation of its resources during a great crisis, which places Egypt infinitely in advance of the rest of the world at that time."

Here his hobby has fairly run away with him. The death of the first-born had, in reality, next to no influence upon the available forces of Egypt. The author seems to have forgotten that one very large allowance must be made for families where none of the children had reached the military age, and another for families where more than one of the children were already soldiers. It is fair enough to represent the loss of the country as one-fifth of its population; but to give the same fraction for the reduction of the army is not quite in harmony with the facts.

There are traces, moreover, of another fault, worse if anything than special pleading, we mean that of careless and inaccurate thinking. In the introductory chapter we are told that Herodotus had the advantage of being a cotemporary historian in the case of the glorious struggle against Xerxes. And then in a foot-note the author subjoins, "or rather, he was cotemporary with the generation that immediately succeeded the Persian wars." Now surely one or other of these two propositions is true, not both. And, seeing that the latter is true, and the former not, it seems a little hard that we should have the real fact thrust away into a note, and prefaced with an "or rather," while the imaginary account of the matter is paraded in the text. Further on in the book we find the word "de-caste-tation," formed apparently on the analogy of degradation, though where the second *t* is supposed to come from, we must leave to be settled by the ingenuity of the author. And the lines from the *Deserted Village*,—

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of land maintained its man—

are declared with the most *naïve* depreciation of the Muses, to be "beautiful poetry, but great nonsense."

We should like to know what certain students of the Working Men's College would say to the following estimate of intelligent mechanics and their mental calibre. It occurs in the preface:—

"I do not despair of my book being found in the hands of intelligent mechanics, for, although there may be occasionally passages beyond their comprehension, or relating to points not so immediately interesting to them, it has been my object throughout to enliven the narrative as much as possible by the pretty stories preserved to us in the works of ancient writers."

So, then, although the Pyramids or the Satrapies may pall upon his attention, and fail to arouse a spark of archaeological or political interest, your intelligent bearded mechanic will devour the story of Polycrates and the fish that swallowed the ring, and revel in the account of Atossa feeling heroically for the Magian's absent ears.

One word now about graver slips, of which we will only bring forward two instances, and those not as types of a numerous class, but plainly as drawbacks to a very commendable performance. We are told in the preface

that the "*Book of Genesis is a model for historical composition.*" This is unfortunate. For, what is the true test of historical criticism but analogy? And where is the analogy in treating this patriarchal history? Absolutely nowhere. But setting aside this preliminary objection, we must remember that, among all the writings of the Pentateuch, Genesis has had its unity and composition questioned more than any other. The "solvent powers of German analysis," the document-hypothesis of Eichhorn and the fragment-hypothesis of Vater have not been employed upon it for nothing. Some critics have supposed the entire book to be unhistorical; while others have discerned a kind of *dorsum* running through the whole, consisting indeed of rich historical elements, but largely interwoven with mythical matter. Nothing is more common in the annals of exegesis than to find the two first chapters, at least, regarded as mythological. And lastly, it must not be forgotten that the most brilliant recent apologist of the creation-record, the author of the "Mosaic Vision," has based his eloquent rhapsody upon this principle in effect, namely, that the pre-Adamic history of the past is *theologically* in the same category with the undeveloped history of the future; that the Mosaic narrative is thus simply prophecy turned backwards; and that, partaking of the prophetic character, it ought to be subjected to the prophetic canons of criticism and exposition.

We do not forget that the record of the Creation is only one portion of the book of Genesis; but Mr. Menzies pronounces upon the book as a whole, and his words therefore affect all parts alike.

The other instance of inaccuracy in statement and conception is to be found in the brief notice of Solomon's reign, on p. 157:—

"The reign of Solomon was, however, the golden age of Israel: a profound peace for forty years; a king upon the throne renowned for his wisdom, possessed of unbounded wealth, in the midst of a court which surpassed even the Egyptian in magnificence. And what is more worthy of notice and truly singular in the history of nations, the mass of the people, down to the lowest class, sitting every man under his vine and his fig-tree, eating and drinking and making merry—a picture of prosperity the more to be admired because the sources of it were purely internal; unaffected, like ours, by the rise and fall in the Bank treasure, and the ebbs and flows of foreign trade."

Solomon's was a "golden" age in more senses than one; and in so far as a people's happiness depends on their monarch being immensely rich, the Hebrews were so far pre-eminently happy during this reign.

David's long series of successes resulted in a profound peace; and peace stimulated the industry of the entire nation. The commercial dealings of his son with the Tyrians, and the benefit he derived from their energy and experience, gave him the amplest opportunities for disposing of his goods, and enlarging his operations with advantage. He was in fact a great merchant-sovereign, and the "king's house" was but his place of business. But the Hebrews were not the first people that learned, nor Solomon the first ruler who taught, how thoroughly "the harmony and happiness of man" may "yield to the wealth of nations."

Statesman boast
Of wealth! The worldly eloquence that lives
After the ruin of their hearts, can gild
The bitter poison of a nation's woe.

Mr. Menzies has forgotten to state that,

in this golden land of peace and plenty, there were somehow or other nearly one hundred and fifty thousand public slaves. The hewing of timber for the king's gorgeous palaces was superintended by Tyrian carpenters; but all the *hard* labour, whether of hewing wood or bearing burdens, was performed by Hebrew bondsmen. The political crisis which happened almost immediately after Solomon's death, and the rapid decline of the country at large, point gravely to a latent ulcer underlying all that previous exuberance of prosperity. It had gradually become clear, as Professor Newman has ably shown, that the royal wealth, instead of denoting national well-being, was really sucked out of the nation's vitals. Deep discontent, the result of growing insight on the part of the oppressed, and the forerunner of a decisive reaction against the oppressor, pervaded the bulk of the population; and Shishak was already sharpening the sword that humbled Rehoboam.

Framleigh Hall. 3 Vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

At this holiday-period of the year, when there is much travelling going on, and when watering-place life is being developed in all its phases, the numerous opportunities of leisure which occur are very favourable to novel-reading. Whether seated in the comfortable first-class carriage, or under the steamer's awning—smooth water is in this case pre-supposed—on the beach, or at the end of the pier, our ladies, while the sea-breeze caresses their cheeks, fresh from the morning's dip, and lifts the still wet hair which they mercilessly allow to float down their backs, our countrywomen will at such times have in their laps a work of fiction, on which to bestow that somewhat divided attention which women not uncommonly give to the literature of their day.

At such a time the appearance of any book that comes at all within the limits of the readable is something; and in the midst of many imperfections of style, and some deficiency of power, there is yet in the work before us sufficient interest to carry the reader through it, and merit enough to lift it out of the ordinary circulating-library level.

The idea which pervades the pages of "*Framleigh Hall*" is to a certain extent new. An attempt is made by its author—we think, by the bye, we might have said its authoress with perfect safety—to enlist the sympathy of the reader in favour of a character such as is rarely put forward as the hero of a work of fiction—a timid man. Maurice Delamere, on the development of whose character the whole interest of the book is made to depend, is represented from first to last as a nervous, over-sensitive, over-scrupulous, and somewhat effeminate personage, who yet on certain occasions displays a heroism and power of endurance which, it seems to us, are hardly consistent with the main tenor of his conduct. The instances given in the earlier portions of the narrative of his excessive timidity are numerous and very touching, while his school life at Eton is described as a perfect martyrdom. On leaving Eton a commission in the army is almost forced upon him by his father, and it is owing to this unfortunate choice of a profession that he is guilty of a momentary act of cowardice which causes the misery of his life. We will allow him, however, to tell his story in his own words, merely premising that in the passage we quote, which occurs

towards the end of the book, he is relating for the first time the circumstances of his fall before a small circle of friends and relatives whom he has chosen as the recipients of a long-deferred confidence:

"My regiment was, as you know, one of the division which had to attack the breaches. Our storming parties and forlorn hopes—oh, my God! that I had been one of them—were blown up by an explosion the moment they got into the ditch. The terrific crash—the frightful glare—it is before my eyes now! Our men stood for one moment appalled by the sight—it was a sight, such as some of the old painters might have taken as a model for a picture of the Last Judgment; and in that moment, I, idiot, contemptible wretch that I was! I turned away and rushed, I scarcely knew where."

"Then you took no part in the attack? Then it was not true that your wound was received at the breach?"

"I do not wonder," said Maurice, in a tone of misery that went to the heart of the kind vicar and nearly upset Lucy's composure, "I deserve this, I know, I ought to expect it. No, I told you the truth. One minute restored me to myself. I joined the crowds who were rushing up to the breaches (all order was lost by this time), but my company had charged without me."

"Then, after all, you only started aside for a minute?" said his father, in a tone of relief; but Maurice did not seem to hear him. The past was so vivid to him that present impressions were shut out."

This one error becomes a bugbear and stumblingblock to the unhappy man throughout his career. He fancies that continual allusions are being made to it when nothing of the kind is intended, while the knowledge of his secret puts it in the power of his rival in love—one Mortimer Grenville—to inflict continual tortures on him by jests and sarcasms, referring to the want of courage which Maurice had shown during this part of his career in the army. Nothing can be more painful than the description of these ever recurring insults, which the unfortunate Maurice is unable to resent, because the young lady in whose affections he has supplanted this Grenville, to whom she had been long engaged, feeling that she is acting wrongly by her former lover, extorts a promise from Maurice that nothing shall induce him to quarrel with Grenville or to fight him, however great may be the temptation. This leads, as we have said, to scenes of insult and mockery, so painful and humiliating that we should have almost liked the hero better if he had considered his promise more honoured in the breach than the observance. Maurice in the end, however, has a generous triumph. He rushes through the flames of a house on fire to rescue his rival who, though saved from this form of death, is yet, being in bad health at the time, so injured by the exposure to cold and night air which ensues, that he never recovers. He dies, and the lovers are happy.

Whether the man who is described as having shown the white feather at Badajoz would have been capable of such extraordinary coolness, not to say recklessness, in the midst of a conflagration, as the reader will find developed in him at the end of the tale; whether such a hero as Maurice would ever become a formidable rival to such a man as his enemy Mortimer Grenville, who though a great brute has yet that quality of manliness so essential to gain a woman's love; whether, in a word, the experiment made in these volumes can be considered a successful one, is a question on which we entertain considerable doubt. It is indeed

possible that, in the hands of one of the giants of fiction, a character somewhat analogous to this might be made painfully interesting. But it would require a master's hand. For our part, we believe that there are few things more certain than that women like men in all respects to be the very reverse of themselves; that just as we like women to be essentially feminine, so they like us to be in all things unmistakably masculine; that they would rather forgive coarseness than effeminacy; and that of all the qualities most certain to make a man contemptible in a woman's eyes, none can be mentioned with more confidence than weakness in any of its forms. A man who "takes care of himself," who is nervous, who allows himself to be put aside and bullied, whatever qualities of refinement, delicacy, or kindness of heart he may possess, will find but little favour with the softer sex.

Yet, while entering our protest on this subject, and noting some of the errors and discrepancies in other ways which strike us most,—while taking exception against such passages as we have just alluded to at the conclusion of the third volume, where Sir Arthur Delamere, a gentleman, and the owner of a magnificent mansion which is being consumed by the flames before his eyes, answers his son's eager enquiry after the safety of his mother and aunt by telling him that "the females are gone to the vicarage,"—while entreating that in future works we may have less about necks "curved like a swan's," "queenly glances," "lips gnawed till the blood starts," and similar conventionalisms—while imploring still more earnestly that we may not hear again of a heroine, who, on being asked for a cup of tea by a gentleman who has offended her, hands "him his cup as if she were an empress returning a petition to a slave,"—while cautioning the writer against a tendency to descend too rapidly from the sublime to the ridiculous, as manifested in the scene of the fire to which we have already so often had cause to draw our reader's attention, and where during the hottest moment of the description we find such a sentence as this, "and Eugenia, did not she rush up too? Not a bit of it!"—while making these objections against some of the more glaring faults of the work before us, we must not omit to draw attention also to its more promising qualities. The idea of the book is good, many of the reflexions new and truthful, and some of the family scenes well put. Here is a description of a family breakfast party, when the head of the household is in a bad humour. It will recall similar experiences, we fear, to the minds of most of our readers.

"Maurice made several feeble attempts at conversation, but they all fell very flat. Hugh, top-booted, was swallowing his breakfast with more speed than elegance, and had no time for conversation; Lady Delamere sat watching Maurice with anxious eyes, and glancing from him to his father in a manner not calculated to restore any ease to their intercourse; Lucy racked her brains for something to say—not very successfully; and Sir Arthur ate his breakfast in rigid, immovable silence, looking like Minos and Rhadamanthus in one."

"Who could venture any remark on the fineness of the morning, the weakness of the tea, the lateness of the post, or the beauty of the autumnal tints still lingering on the trees, in that severe presence? To intrude upon the awful silence which Sir Arthur seemed to diffuse about him, a remark must be clear, logical, weighty, dealing with some deep interest, conveying much meaning in few words. Such remarks none of the present

company had to make ; and the consequence was, a constrained, awkward silence, only broken by timid requests for cream or sugar. How often had the wiggid and powdered gentlemen and ladies on the walls looked down on such uncomfortable meals ! How often had the silver urn reflected the same constrained, perplexed faces—the patterns on the cups been studied with the same absorbing interest—the gay parterre on which the window looked witnessed the same despairing glances, hoping to gather some inspiration from the prospect without, as none was to be derived elsewhere !”

We should be sorry to leave these volumes without bearing testimony to the endeavour after originality, to the painstaking, and thoughtfulness of which they bear abundant traces.

The Writings of William Paterson, Founder of the Bank of England, with Biographical Notices of the Author, his Contemporaries and his Race. Edited by S. Bannister, M.A. 2 Vols. (Effingham Wilson.)

THE trite saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, finds a wonderful exemplification in the case of William Paterson, whose claims to distinction are now for the first time attempted to be brought forward in a full and complete manner in the present publication. That the name of Paterson has not sunk into entire oblivion, but is preserved in notices of the Bank of England as a Scottish gentleman to whom it owes its foundation, in the same laconic and stereotyped terms as those in which the world receives the equally edifying communication that gunpowder was invented by “one Michael Schwartz, a Cordelier monk,” only renders the slight with which posterity has treated this distinguished individual the more marked. To have been chiefly instrumental in the establishment of an institution so bound up with the national prosperity and greatness as the Bank of England, is no doubt a glorious title to be remembered by ; but measured with the general grounds which the collective labours of William Paterson present for the admiration and regard of his country, it sinks into comparative insignificance. Simple neglect or oblivion, however, is not the only injustice which has been done to the memory of Paterson. When the sort of hackneyed reference to his name to which we allude has been exceeded, it has been for the most part to misrepresent both his character and the nature and extent of his abilities. Of the common errors and prejudices traditionally entertained in respect to him, we find in Lord Macaulay’s passing mention of his share in the original foundation of the national bank, a characteristic transcript and epitome. The passage is worth quoting, for the sake of doing justice to both parties—the historian and the personage whose portrait, thus dashed off with sketchy inaccuracy, may be compared with the more faithful type of him for which we are indebted to Mr. Bannister’s more painstaking researches. After describing the absurdities of the Law bank and the folly of its projector, Lord Macaulay proceeds thus :

“All the projectors of this busy time however were not so absurd as Chamberlayne. One among them, William Paterson, was an ingenious, though not always a judicious, speculator. Of his early life little is known, except that he was a native of Scotland, and that he had been in the West Indies. In what character he had been in the West Indies was a matter about which his contemporaries differed. His friends said that he had been a missionary ; his enemies that he had

been a buccaneer. He seems to have been gifted by nature with a fertile invention, an ardent temperament, and great powers of persuasion ; and to have acquired somewhere in the course of his vagrant life, a perfect knowledge of accounts.”

It would be difficult to recognise in this off-hand “reckoning-up” the object of Mr. Bannister’s hero-worship,—the prudent and wealthy merchant, the shrewd and far-sighted political economist, the profound and laborious financial calculator, the clear and weighty reasoner on internal administration and foreign policy, the intimate and trusted counsellor of William III., the adviser and coadjutor of successive ministers, and the prompter and promoter of every important wise measure of finance, proposed in his age. That William Paterson was all these, and deserves to be remembered as an example of the grave, cautious, and steady, yet liberal and enlightened qualities which constitute the highest conception of the character of a merchant, united with the genius of an original and profound speculator in politics and finance, and the single-minded devotion of a patriot, and not “the poor and obscure Scottish adventurer” whom Lord Macaulay adopting a commonly received view of his character describes, there is abundant evidence in the materials brought together in the present work. In the various writings avowed by, or directly traceable to, Paterson, and of which, if not all probably the most important have been collected by Mr. Bannister, there is no trace of the peculiar turn of mind which would naturally belong to the former buccaneer, or of the wild and impracticable, though ingenious and glowing, fancies of such a smooth-tongued scheme-monger as the historian’s description presents him to us. They are sober essays on the financial condition of England and Scotland, and on the general principles of trade and colonial policy ; proposals for definite measures of finance, and suggestions for what would be called now-a-days “administrative reform,” developing a careful and minute study of the whole system of public accounts, and sound and practical views of the means for regulating and adjusting the expenses of the state, and developing and fostering the trade and industry of the country. On the other hand, as to the social position of Paterson, the proofs adduced can leave no doubt of the credit and estimation in which he was held in the mercantile world both at home and abroad, while it is rendered equally manifest that he must have amassed considerable wealth in commercial pursuits, although the losses he experienced in connection with the Scottish Darien Company, of which he was the promoter, left him a needy man in the latter part of his life.

To Mr. Bannister’s enthusiasm for the memory of this remarkable man, and to his industry in amassing materials and records, by the light of which he stands forth from the cloud of obscurity and injurious misrepresentation a bright and ever-memorable figure in the annals of English thought and enterprise, all praise is due. It is a wholesome example to have reversed so completely the superficial and hasty judgments of posterity, and to show that we have yet to learn the history of our country in the lives of those to whose unblazoned genius and constant and conscientious though unrecorded endeavours the real work of progress is so often indebted. The impetus which the recent facilities for the study of our national records is likely to give to historical research

generally, will no doubt be followed by a more thorough ransacking and overhauling of private stores, from which much is to be expected towards the “rehabilitation,” as the French call it, of many an illustrious obscure, and a fairer distribution of the crosses of historical fame. To no other species of desert, however, than redounds from the achievement of this practical good can the compiler of the work under notice lay claim, and only a discovery of such intrinsic importance as that of the real character and merits of William Paterson would atone for the production of so unreadable, ill-digested, and rambling a production. On the mere outline of Paterson’s participation in the Darien project, Eliot Warburton built up the interesting but purely romantic picture of the *Merchant Prince*, but the picture, glowing and attractive as it is, of the imaginary Paterson, would fade into insipidity compared with such a biography as even the comparatively scanty data brought to light by Mr. Bannister might have furnished in the hands of a more genial adept of literature. As it is, it is almost impossible to wade through the *jéjune* and jumbled narrative prefixed to the writings, and bristling with constant references to an endless series of appendices, in which the raw materials which should have given colour and life to the sketch are huddled together, that the reader may, at the cost of infinite patience and trouble complete the true notion of Paterson’s character and relations to his times, which is certainly afforded in one way or another by the whole collection of materials. The life of William Paterson, such as it should be, has yet to be written, and though ampler means of information on the earlier and obscurer parts of the Scotch merchant’s career may be brought to light hereafter, and render the task of the biographer easier and more satisfactory, a more careful and conscientious process of sifting evidences and separating reliable conclusions from mere fancy and hypothesis must be pursued, and a more elaborate art in giving connection, vitality, and local colour to the whole narrative than has been used or even attempted at by the compiler of these volumes. The writings attributed to Paterson, with the historical proofs and critical argument on which their assumed authorship is based and accompanied with illustrative notes, should be made the object of an entirely separate task. The title which is lettered on the back of these volumes, “The Life and Writings of W. Paterson,” would then be justified by their contents. As it is, biographical sketches, prefaces, introductions, critical notices, appendices, are heaped together and confusedly interspersed in a manner to afford the least possible encouragement to the reader, and to render the attempt to obtain a connected view of the career of Paterson a fruitless undertaking. Crude however as are the materials thus amassed, and to a great extent imperfect, it can hardly be said that their publication in their present state is altogether without justification. If we regard the object of the compiler as having been to awaken that interest in the memory of a forgotten great man which few can more justly deserve, and to pioneer the way to a more complete knowledge of his entire life and of his labours in the cause of commercial and political progress, praise only can be awarded to such an enterprise ; and if we have been somewhat severe on the character of the work produced,

it may be taken to a certain extent as an indication of its success to have aroused so strong an interest in its subject that disappointment at the meagre satisfaction afforded is keenly felt. At all events, the question of William Paterson's real character may henceforth be considered as set at rest, and "the poor and obscure Scottish adventurer" of Lord Macaulay may consort with the bribe-taking William Penn and other striking unlikenesses due to the pencil of the noble historian. The origin of the false view thus taken of Paterson is probably in the fact that during his connection with the Scotch scheme for colonising Darien, the English government thought it worth their while to have Paterson's character defamed by hired libellers, and to these trustworthy sources of information it would seem Lord Macaulay must have resorted almost exclusively for his information on the character of Lord Halifax's counsellor and coadjutor in the establishment of the Bank of England. One of these literary braves hired to throw dirt at Paterson was one Hodges, who had a turn for versifying, and composed a lampoon, nearly as interminable as Chevy Chase. It is humorously turned, and some of its rascally imputations will bear quoting, and will afford an opportunity of judging if it be not the original from which our great historian has copied his sketch.

The poem in question is entitled "Caledonia, or the Pedlar turned Merchant, a tragi-comedy, as it was enacted by His Majesty's Subjects of Scotland in the King of Spain's Province of Darien."

"A sorry poor nation, which lies in the north,
As a great many lands which are wiser,
Was resolved to set up for a people of worth,
That the loons who laugh'd at her might prize her.
"Her neighbours she saw, and curs'd them and their gains,
Had gold as they ventur'd in search on't,
And why should not she, who had wit in her brains,
From a pedlar turn likewise a merchant?
"Twas the very same thing, since Spain had Peru,
With abundance of what they had none,
Could they steal it, no matter where the mineral grew,
Possession would make it their own.
"Thus Paterson saw, their pastor and guide,
Who rejoiced such a frolic had seized 'em,
And flinging his texts and his sermons aside,
Left his flocks to be damned, if it pleased 'em.
"The prospect of gain made him off with his band,
And away with his Bible Geneva;
For he had a business of weight in his hand,
The deceiver to cheat and deceive.
"He had whin'd and had pray'd, and had laugh'd, and
had read,
Till his hearers were going to leave him,
And had scarce got a morsel to put in his head,
For the de'il of a jack could they give him.
"When he thought it but fit, as an orthodox teacher,
To get rid of his penniless lecture;
And since he looked thin, and had slaved as a preacher,
To grow fat with the name of projector.
"Wherefore, packing up his divinity tools,
He left them and their sins to God's mercies,
And forsaking the cure of their ignorant souls,
He put in for the cure of their purses.
"The people were willing, and ready prepared
To give way to his Protestant suit,
And greedily caught and believed what they heard,
Though they ne'er from the pulpit would do't.
"What this sly man of kirk having joyfully found,
He made use of his wit at command;
And told them he knew of a large piece of ground,
Where gold was as plenty as sand.
"But the Parliament smell'd out the stench of the plot,
As the sinners were serving their turns,
And cautioned the people to beware of the Scot,
If they mean to keep gold in their churns.
"Such a rub in his way as a Senate-house vote
Was enough to have damped a man's spirits,
But insolent Paterson kept his first note,
And stood up for the cause and its merits.
"And cursing their wisdom, who could see through the
cheat,
Marched off with his parchment and scrovis,
And endeavouring to shake the dust from his feet,
Had like to've got rid of his soles.
"For he'd trotted so far on an errand so vain,
When his time and his labour were lost,
That to set his great remnants together again,
Was too hard on the Company's oost."

SHORT NOTICES.

Mangnall's Questions. (Hardwicke.) The main advantages of the present edition are two—the information contained in it is brought down to the present time, while each question and answer are grouped into separate paragraphs. As an old acquaintance, whose popularity among educational works is as great as its utility, we are glad to see improvements made in it from time to time. They are the best guarantee for its continued success.

Bodily Exercise. By THOMAS HOPEY, F.S.S. (Houlston & Wright.) This is the third of a series of "Plain and Simple Lectures on the Education of Man," which, like its predecessors, ought to command attention from all who are interested in the great questions of health and education. The author is a benevolent gentleman, imbued with a deep sense of the responsibility cast not less upon individuals than upon society to improve the condition of the people, and in this lecture he insists upon the necessity and the advantage of bodily exercise as one element in this great problem. Of course, upon such a subject nothing new can be said by any writer; but in its discussion Mr. Hopey has happily blended a high moral and religious tone, with most useful professional lessons, in a way that imparts both novelty and dignity to an otherwise familiar topic.

Salathiel the Immortal. By the Rev. Dr. CROLY. (G. Routledge & Co.) So long as any interest is felt in the appalling story of the "Wandering Jew," so long will a great portion of that interest be absorbed by Dr. Croly's thrilling version of it. It is too late in the day to point out the manifold beauties of this most popular production. It is enough to say that wherever the English language is spoken Salathiel is known and appreciated. The present edition is one of Messrs. Routledge's cheap series; and the style in which it is produced is most commendable.

Tales from Blackwood, Vol 2. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.) What reader of *Maga* does not remember with delight and affection the charming tales, that month after month for many a year, have appeared in the pages of that celebrated periodical. There is scarcely a person of mature age in the whole country who has not at one period or other been beguiled of a good deal of his time by these agreeable productions. Well; they are now being collected into cheap and handy little volumes, the second of which is now before us, and others will follow. This is good news, but it is the first time we have had an opportunity of circulating it in the new series of the *Literary Gazette*.

Margaret Percival. By the Author of *Amy Herbert*. (Longmans.) The object of the present edition of a tale which, upon its first appearance, excited considerable attention, and some animadversion, is to remove the misconception that it was written with a view of encouraging the *odium theologicum*. It is now explained that its purpose was to set before young persons the difficulty of engaging in controversy, and the danger of allowing their affections to be engrossed by persons likely to lead them into errors of faith. We accept this explanation. We fully believe that the dialogue and incidents of the story confirm it. The story itself, though it has the defect of being too long, possesses very considerable interest, and is well told throughout.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By JAMES COPLAND, M.D. (Longmans.) This is the concluding part of this invaluable work—a work which takes rank for the multiplicity of its details and the skill of its execution with the greatest literary performances in our time of a strictly technical and professional character. No medical library, however small, can well afford to be without this standard authority.

Hughes's Reading Lessons. Fourth Book. (Longmans.) When we say that the able compiler of this most useful little work is Head Master of the Royal Naval Lower School, at Greenwich Hospital, and that the series is in most extensive use by teachers and families, we have said enough to

show that it is no ordinary production. The youth who has gone through it, even cursorily, cannot fail to have attained an intelligent perception of natural philosophy, manufactures, and the fine arts, so clear are the explanations, and so well adapted to purposes of practical utility.

Titcomb's Letters to Young People—Single and Married. (New York, Scribner; London, Low, Son, & Co.) The title of this little work almost explains its object. "My aim," says the writer in the preface, which is addressed to the Rev. H. W. Beecher, "is to give brotherly counsel in a direct and pointed way to the young men and women of the country, upon subjects which have immediate practical bearing upon their life and destiny, and to give this counsel without a resort to cant, or to the preceptive formularies that so much prevail in didactic literature." Mr. Timothy Titcomb (a *nom de plume*) has succeeded in his design. He speaks with freedom always, and sometimes with abruptness, but we have never read a work which better inculcates the several duties and responsibilities of young men and young women, married or single.

The Melbourne Directory. (Sands & Kenny, Melbourne and Sydney.) This volume, the second year of its publication, affords to a matter-of-fact mind the most practical and tangible proof of the existence of a great colony on the other side of the world. It is all very well to tell one that on the Yarra-Yarra river stands the capital of Victoria, some six hundred miles from Sydney,—here is the book to make you feel that there is such a place. Here is a street directory, as carefully made up as Kelly's, and here are all the Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons, as regularly catalogued as in the "Court Guide." The list is suggestive enough. Melbourne has hardly been in existence twenty years, and here she is with five music-sellers, twenty-five confectioners, thirteen photographers, more than a hundred attorneys, fifty milliners, three midwives, and a Jew oculist. The book before us is a curiosity, and contains in addition to a record of the respectable inhabitants of Melbourne, a quantity of miscellaneous information interesting to all who are interested (and who is not) in our colonies. We hope that in the next volume Messrs. Sands and Kenny send us they will be able to insert in A'Beckett Street, or whatever may be the most fitting place, "Office of the Grand Australian and European Telegraph Company. Messages dispatched at all hours of the day or night."

Illustrated Hand Book of Dorking. (Willis & Sotheran.) A very pleasantly written and prettily got up guide to one of the loveliest districts of England. The engravings are much superior to those ordinarily found in works of the kind, and the letterpress, by Mr. Dennis, is in excellent taste. By the way, recent travellers tell us that the once famous Burford Bridge Hotel (p. 65), is not quite so much of a Paradise as it was, and that hotels in Dorking afford more comfort, a statement which we record as a sacred duty to the traveller.

A Book for a Corner. By LEIGH HUNT. (Bohn.) In one convenient volume here are the two volumes of capital material selected by Mr. Leigh Hunt from so many good English writers, "a collection of passages from such authors as retain, if not the highest, yet the most friendly and as it were domestic hold upon us during life." It is a sort of Golden Treasury, and one which may pleasantly be carried about by the possessor. In these days of travel, it is a book "which no gentleman's (or lady's) portmanteau should be without." On a rainy prisoning evening, or a fine lounging morning, the work is absolutely priceless.

The Gardener's Receipt Book. By William Jones. (Groombridge.) A neat little book which is what it professes to be, and sets forth, in clear language, such directions to the gardener for the extirpation of his enemies, and the encouragement of his "leafy charges," as will enable him to conduct his season to a prosperous end. Would you cure a bleeding vine, would you poison a cricket or a cockroach, would you trap a wire-worm, would you make a fish-pond, would you

revive withered flowers, would you clean a marble statue of a garden god, would you dig fungi for a herbarium, would you—but you would not—kill small birds, Mr. Jones will tell you the way, and a hundred other things which a gardener, real or amateur, ought to know. The book is, appropriately, as green as a leaf.

Law and Lawyers. By ARCHER POLSON. (Routledge.) An exceedingly readable little volume, containing a great mass of anecdote, genuine and apocryphal, touching many of the most distinguished lawyers, extant and abated. A good deal of information and much amusement will be found in the book, which it is not worth while to submit to any severe test, seeing that the author has accomplished his purpose of being lively and entertaining.

The History of the Ancient Scots. By the Rev. DUNCAN M'CALLUM. (Menzies, Edinburgh.) The writer narrates the origin and history of the Scots to the end of the thirteenth century, the time of Alexander III., and he also describes the Hebrides under the government of Norway, and adds a life of "the mighty Somerled," and of chiefs descended from him. The chronicle might of course have been made exceedingly captivating, or it might have been given in the most matter-of-fact and school-bookish style, and the Rev. Duncan M'Callum has preferred the latter style of treatment.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Anthems, a Collection of the Words of, 24mo. 3d.
Ambian Nights Entertainments, new ed. 8vo. 5s.
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Beecher (E. D.), Life Thoughts, gathered from his Discourses, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
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Moberly (Mrs.), The Lady and the Priest, new ed. 12mo. 2s.
Malin (S. C.), Prayers and Thanksgiving for Holy Communion, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Manton (T.), Isaiah's Report of the Messiah, 12mo. 3s.
Memoir of Maria . . . a Converted Jewess, 3rd ed. 18mo. 1s.
Mill and Wilson's History of India, Vol. 10 (Index), post 8vo. 2s.
Minister Classical Library.—Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 32mo. 1s. 6d.; Walton's Angler, 2 vols. 32mo. 2s.
Mason's Self Knowledge, 3 vols. 1s. 6d.
Moloch (S.), British Lusitania Asymus, 12mo. 6d.
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Williams (G.), The Happy Isles, crown 8vo. 3s.
Wilson's Tales of the Borders, Vol. 16, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

We will now proceed, in continuation of our last paper, to lay before our readers two or three more letters written by Sir Walter Raleigh during the last years of the reign of Elizabeth.

Raleigh appears to have passed his time, from the end of 1597 to the year 1600, either at his seat at Sherborne, where he lived in retirement, or in his attendance at Court, where he equalled in his taste for magnificence the greatest courtiers of the day.

Towards the latter end of the year 1600 he was appointed governor of Jersey. On the 10th October, Chamberlain writes "Sir Walter Raleigh hath ben in Gersey to take possession of his new government," and adds, "his lodgings at Durham

House were almost burned the other day wth fire that began in the stables."

We find him, in Sept., 1601, writing from Basing, a seat of the Marquis of Hertford, where the Queen "tooke such greate contente," that she staid thirteen days. The Duke of Biron, Marshal of France, with a splendid retinue, had arrived on an embassy from Henry IV., and it was at Basing that Her Majesty entertained, with all favour and gracious usage, these French nobility and gentry to the number of 300. They arrived at the Tower Wharf on the 5th September, 1601.

Lord Cobham appears at this time to have been in high favour with Elizabeth. The Queen will "take it exceeding kindly and take herself more beholden to him than he thinks," if he will on this occasion attend the Court at Basing; and Raleigh, who seems from his letter to have been on the most affectionate terms with Lord Cobham, uses his best endeavours to persuade him to do so. It will be remarked as somewhat curious, that Sir Walter should travel all night to procure the suit and saddle which he considered fitting to wear during the visit of the Duke of Biron and his retinue to the English Court.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Lord Cobham.

12 September, 1601.

I that knew your Lordships resolution when we parted cannot take on mee to perswade yow, I will only say this much; it is but a day and half journey hither, the Queen will take it exceeding kindly and take her self more beholdinge unto yow then you thincke. They French tarry but 2 or 3 dayes at most. I will presently returne to the bathe wth your L. agayne. The French weare all black and no kind of bravery at all, so as I have only made mee a black taffeta sute to be in and leave all my other sutes. This is all I can say, saying I only wishe you a litle to beare and half journey hither, the Queen will take it exceeding kindly and take her self more in your debt. It wilbe thurseday or they have adience. It were to long to tell the Queens discourse wth me of your L. and finding it I dunt not say that I knew yow weare resolved not to cum butt left it to the estate of your boddy. I need not doubt butt y^r your L. wilbe here y^r I wishe you to hold such a course as may best fitt your honor and your honour together. If yow cum shee will take it most kindly, if yow cum not it shalbe handled as yow will have it and herein and all else. I will remayne yours before all the world.

W. RALEIGH.

Basing this saterday night late [12 Sept. 1601]. I am yeven now going all night to London to provide me a playne taffeta sute and a playne black saddell and wilbe here agayne tuesday night and if your French journey holde, it will much stand yow for them to know what yow ar here, for I am resolved y^r the Queen will most esteeme yow here and use yow.

To the right honorable

my very good Lorde

The Lorde Cobham.

It is said that Elizabeth was very much delighted with her stay at Basing. At her departure she made ten knights—the greatest number ever created at one time during her reign, amongst whom Sir Walter had the pleasure to see his brother Carew Raleigh included.

The two following letters are on a very different subject. Two merchants of Aberdeen had given information that a Spanish fleet was off the Irish coast, with forces, to assist the rebel Tyrone. Reports were spread that 6000 soldiers were to be landed either at Cork or at Limerick; that there would still be 2000 Spaniards to take their ships back again; that they had twelvemonths' pay as well as victuals, and were generally well provided. The indorsements not only show the importance of the letters, but the speed at which they travelled in those days: "For her Majesties speciall affaires; hast, post hast, hast for life at your uttermost perill, Sherburne the 26 of Sept^r att 10 o'clock the forenone, Shafton att 3 of the clok in the afternone, att Sarum att 10 o'clock at night, att Andover at 9 o'clock in the morninge beinge Sunday."

Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cecyll.

26 September, 1601.

S^r.—Ther arrived att WeMouthe on Friday the 25th of this September, to skottishmen, the on called Robert Blamshill, the other Robert Perisoun, marchants of Aburdene. They departed Lysbon the thirde of this present, who affirme on their oathes, that they were stayde att Lysbone and Set. Uvall egypten weekes, and that they departed from Lysbhone ten dayes before their cumminge from thence a fleet of great Spanische shippes to the number of 36, and wth them 3 Irish shippes, an Irish Byshoppe wth many preists and other Irishme men. They all gave out y^r they intended to land either att Cork or Lymbricke, the number of men were 8000, wherof 6000 soldiers, the other 2000 were to bringe back the shippes, they were

well furnished wth vittell munition and money and had also wth them many weemen.

It seemeth by this report y^r a plantation is ment. These skottishmen seeme to be very honest men, and this intelligence differeth littell from y^r I sent yow from Jersey all wth I leve to your better judgment and rest your most assured to do yow service,

W. RALEIGH.

Wemouth, this 26 of September [1601].

Raleigh wrote a confirmation of this news on the following day. The letter is indorsed in a similar manner to the preceding.

Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cecyll.

27 September [1601].

I wrote unto yow the 26 of this present what I received from certayne skottish marchants; it is now manifest that bothe thos advertisements ar trew, for thos three pinnees wth brought in the great prize att Plymouth of 900 chests of sugar wear chased by the Spanische fleet seven dayes before ther arrivall and they arrived on tuesday last the secunde of this month and weare therfore chased of the mouth of the channell wth was about the 25 of August and so must needs be in Irland or perished, from whence it seemeth yow cannot here by reason of thes estery winde.

Thos of Munster had some warninge of ther being on the coast, for one Capayne Love or Capk. Love being on the Irish coast forsooke his ship and went into a bote and tooke horse upon the shore and gave warninge to the next adjoininge about the coast of Dunganon between Yoholl and Waterforde: from thence he took his ship agayne and arived att Plymouth. These pinnees tolde 60 sayle; a fleming also cuming from Lysborne confirmeth the former intelligence and addeth therunto ether out of conjecture or knowlege or fame, affirming y^r the soldiers ar 6000, that they have twelven months pay, and like vittell beforehande, y^r he saw many wth chaynes of golde and y^r generally the army was very brave and well provided of all things, that certayne cannons weare imbarcked in foure gallions wth all other things awnsverable.

S^r.—I beseech to acquaint y^r L. Admirall herewth and y^r yow will vouchsafe to excuse me for not writing to his L. knowing y^r yow ar of our mind and fortune of one love and one indevor for her Majesties service.

Yours ever as your servant,

W. RALEIGH.

Sherb. the 27 of September [1601].

Sir Dudley Carleton, in a letter dated 5 January, 1602, to his friend John Chamberlain, gives so graphic and interesting an account of the defeat by the Lord Deputy of Ireland of the combined Irish Rebel and Spanish Forces, that we think our readers will be glad to read it in our own words:

"Th^e enemy being 6000 strong, amongst whom were 300 Spaniards of those wth came last to Castel, had an intent to have assayed our camp the 22nd of the last by night wth purpose either to have made way for reliefe into the towne of Kinsale the Spaniards to have abandoned it and come safely owt and then wth theyr whole force joyned to have sett upon the Deputys camp. They began theyr march at eight of the clock in the night, being distant from our camp about six mile, but by reason of Odonells subtelines to gryde th^e armye through unknowne passages to skape unseene of 90 sentinels of horse and the long time the Spaniards spent in ordering and disciplining the stragling and unruly Irish, they wasted so much time that it was light day when they were discovered wth in a mile of the L. Toomont's quarter where they purposed to have given their attempt. The L. Deputy had his camp in arme eight dayes before still wayting theyr cumming, but at that time and in that placed looked for them last. Upon the alarm he sent downe the L^d. Clanrickard, S^r. H. Davers, Capt. Dutton wth three gentlemen more to beat in theyr sentinels and vew theyr ordre, who finding them at a stand and in dispute as they guessed whether to returne or give on it was resolved by the Deputy and Counsell of War to send owt 1500 foote and 700 horse wth if they came on might hold them in skirmish whilst the rest of our armye might be in readines or otherwise wayte upon theyr retyrete. S^r. H. Pore comanded ovr foote and the marshall S^r. R. Wingfield ovr horse, who finding them in theyr long order on a fast retyret, and passed a ford sent some light horse wth foote *en croupe* to stay them wth a loose skirmish. Th^e Enemy seeinge theyr armye putt themselves in battayle on a place wth was flanked on th^e one side wth a bogg and on th^e other, but somewhat farr of, wth a hill. Tyron wth his North Kearns had the vanguard, Capt. Tyrell wth the Spaniards and some Irish the Cattell and Odonell th^e riarguard. Meane time S^r. R. Wingfield, the L^d. Clanrickard, S^r. H. Davers, Capt. Williams wth theyr troopes of horse and two others, never looe up, and had together a gros of 250 horse, who finding themselves so farr engaged by reason of a straight they had passed and was taken by th^e enemy that they could not gett of wthowt much losse, thought it theyr best by charging the enemys horse to trye a fortune. At the first charge the horse fled and in the route brake and carryed away in disorde part of the vanguard, wth ovr men seeing left the pursuite of th^e horse, wth never looe back, and charged the foote, where they saw them broken, who casting away theyr armes subjected themselves to execution, and were there all alayne save 60 wth escaped wth Tyron. Odonell wth th^e riarguard escaped wthowt losse save onely of armes wth they threw away to run the lighter, and the Battayle had sped as well if the Spaniards had bin as goodde footemen as th^e Irish, but in runing ten skore they ovt run 30 and left to the mercy of ovr men where they

were all slain or taken; amongst whom was Alonso del Campo or as the Irish call him Ocampo who was taken by Capt. Dutton but challenged as right to the Deputy. There were slain in all of the Enemy 1000 and of ours only 2 men and about 15 horse. Our force never came up to fight so as if there were no difference in the names, the actions at Turnholt and Kinsale would hereafter be said to be the same. There were brought into our camp 10 colors and 2000 arms. The Town was summoned upon the defeat, and news was sent to them by two of the Spanish prisoners but no show was made of yielding, yet the judgment of the Deputy and all others that write from the camp the towns could not hold out 10 days. The Dep. had sent 100 through the realm with promise of reward to such as shall bring in any of these defeated rebels. Tyrone is gone towards the north and Tyrrell with him. Odonell fled that night to Beere, but what is since become of him not known. There remain 400 Spaniards fortified at Castels, Balsamore and Beere haven to secure those places for the landing of the D. of Parma who is expected with 8000 Spaniards and Italians to come as Viceroy for the K. of S. and as long as they stick fast and hold no good footing I shall not think this late defeat (as many hold it) an end but a fair beginning of our wars.

On the 8th of June, 1602, Chamberlain writes that "Sir Walter Raleigh is upon the way to his Government in Gersey." He did not, however, remain there very long, for on the 23rd of December we find that "Sir Walter Raleigh had carried away Lords Cobham, Compton, and others, to spend Christmas with him in Dorsetshire."

We purpose returning to this very interesting subject in a subsequent paper, and presenting our readers with further letters from "Our State Paper Office" respecting Sir Walter Raleigh after the accession of James I.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Two letters have been published during the week from this distinguished traveller, both from the banks of the Zambesi. The first was addressed to Mr. Aspinall Turner, one of the Members for Manchester, and the following are extracts:—

"Screw-steamer *Pearl*, 10th June, 1858.

"My Dear Sir,—I am happy to be able to inform you that we have had a prosperous voyage ever since we left Liverpool, and that, after a good deal of what may be called exploration, we are now threading our way up the Zambesi.

"We went first of all to the most southerly branch, as that was reported to be preferable to the main stream, but after going up about 70 miles, we found that the connecting link was choked with a peculiar kind of grass or rush, which floats on the surface, and though a large body of water was flowing through, the vessels could not proceed. The harbour and bar are both good, and for 70 miles a navigable river flows through extensive plains, where Sea Island cotton could be cultivated, and would be invaluable were it in the Cape Colony.

"We then went to the Luabo, or Parker's branch, but found, though the river is very large and the water fresh outside, a double bar rendered it dangerous. Returning seven miles south, we found a very fine harbour and bar called Kongone. This communicates by two branches with the main stream, and as one of these is only five miles long, we entered by that, and having the little steamer *Ma Zober* acting as a pilot to the larger, we are feeling our way as cautiously as we can. We tried another large mouth from the inside, but the bar was bad. There are many fine branches, but the Portuguese have kept them secret.

"Near the mouth of the branch Kongone, my brother stumbled on cotton (growing in a deserted native garden) which does not adhere to the seed, as that I saw up the river, and the pile or staple is longer than the Angola cotton. I enclose a specimen.

"When at Sierra Leone, I left there a small cask of seed for Mr. Gabriel, of Loanda, and would fain have gone and tried to stir up some of the people of that country (decidedly the best in Western Africa), to bring their produce to market. I am distributing Sea Island seed to different persons on the Delta, and they express perfect willingness to cultivate it for sale.

"We come, however, in what seems a most unfortunate position of affairs, yet it may come out ultimately for the best. The first news we got was that the Portuguese were all obliged to flee to the coast; and we found that such was actually the case. A half-caste had rebelled, and all had fled to Quilimane. Fortunately, we were not in the country at the time, or we should have been accused of stirring up the natives.

"I will let you know how we get on higher up. We have no sickness yet. Quinine every day for all hands.

"With kindest regards to Mrs. T., and all your family, I am, yours most truly,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"P.S. 21st June. We send the *Pearl* on her voyage sooner than we anticipated; we were strictly charged to run no risk with her. The river is now falling, so that though a vessel drawing four or five feet would still go up to Tete, she drawing 9 feet 7 inches would be in danger. We land our goods on an island, and go up by successive trips in the steam launch."

Mr. Turner states that the specimen of cotton enclosed is "very beautiful cleaned cotton, worth

about 8d. per lb."—that is, equal to some of the best American and Egyptian descriptions.

The other letter is of a later date, and is addressed to Mr. C. L. Braithwaite, of Kendal, who received it last Saturday.

Zambesi, June 25, 1858.

"We reached the southernmost branch of the Zambesi on the 14th (of May), and found the bar much smoother than we anticipated. The breakers were rather boisterous on each side of us, but we entered safely, making signals for her Majesty's ship *Hermes* as to the depth of the water, till she was out of sight on her way to Kilimane to deliver our credentials to the Portuguese. As we were now in the midst of mangrove swamps, we took quinine, and believing it to be a work of necessity to get away as quickly as possible, the launch was put together. Two days were required to get her into working trim, and we are now threading our way up among the swamps, the launch piloting the *Pearl*. Saw but one native.

"25th June, Zambesi.—I add a few lines to say that after exploring different mouths of the Zambesi, we have at last found a very good bar and harbour, which leads us into the main stream. The water was falling fast, and as we were ordered not to risk the detention of the *Pearl* in the river, we thought it most prudent to let her depart, and landing our house on an island, we put our things there, and now trust to the launch to take us up the country. Captains Gordon and Bedingfield are delighted with the river. The latter says it is quite unlike the rivers on the west coast. We have had no fever, and have ascertained one great fact, if this is to be a highway into the heart of Africa, this time of the year is perfectly safe for Europeans; not a single man of the *Pearl* or *Hermes*, or of the expedition, has been attacked by the disease. You are aware that I left the river at Mazaro (in coming from the interior in 1856), and that we have been indebted for our knowledge of the parts below that to Captain Parker. We went up to Mazaro, and I looked with a thrilling sensation of gratitude on the smooth spot on which I made my last astronomical observation on the Zambesi, and the identical little hut in which I slept. The hippopotami can't bear the steamer at all, the crustiest old bachelor amongst them goes off pell-mell as soon as we come near. We are on good terms with the natives. Will go to Tete next week. No fever yet."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, September 1.

ONE of the most amusing things to be remarked in the attitude assumed by the French government towards us, is the tone it imposes upon its official and semi-official organs whenever the question of liberty and parliamentarism is broached. The ministerial journals here imitate exactly the behaviour of the little boy who, having been told on a certain November day that he should have a ride on his pony if the weather were warm enough, judged it politic to throw open the windows of his mother's drawing-room, and, in the face of the most biting, wintry wind, to soliloquise upon the positive sultriness of the atmosphere, and to opine that, with such heat as that, he should be obliged to take off his cloth jacket and put on a cotton one. The ministerial journals are beforehand with the possible supporters of representative government, and instead of allowing them to discuss what are or are not the advantages of their system, they boldly begin by asserting the contrary of that which is—by declaring the November day absolutely too hot, and by pitying the unfortunate populations that are exposed to the workings of parliamentary institutions. Above all, what they wish you to think them exposed to, is the actual want of liberty. As what I am here stating will hardly be believed, as it will hardly be imagined that, in the nineteenth century, a newspaper in a great capital like this can set forth the absurd, the absolutely grotesque arguments I have mentioned, I will for your edification quote a passage from yesterday's *Constitutionnel*, in which you will perceive with what disdain we are spoken of, and how it is sought to be insinuated that we are wanting in freedom, with as much assurance as it would require to assert that railroads were all very well, but sadly defective as to speed.

The subject of the article in the semi-official journal is the situation of Canada; and, apropos to our American and oceanic colonies, the imperialist scribe, after allowing that we have acted well towards our trans-atlantic possessions in awarding to them a government, independent as far as the action of the metropolis is concerned, proceeds in the following strain to speak of those institutions which (to the hatred and envy of Frenchmen) make Great Britain what she is:

"England has chosen to vouchsafe to some of her colonies the same political system as that which the mother country enjoys. Mr. Gladstone has said in the House of Commons, that the emigrant ought to be able to carry out with him into emigration the liberties of his country as he carries out his tools. Now we all know that by 'English liberties,' Parliamentary institutions only are meant. It is therefore a complete apparatus of this kind, of purely Britannic government, that Great Britain deigns to make a gift of to Australia and Canada. These two fortunate countries are in the enjoyment of all the delights of the national policy. They have a parliament that grants or withdraws power from these or those individuals, according as capricious majorities are minded to vote this way or that; they have ministers, who fall to-day and rise to-morrow; orators, who are on the hunt for place; dissolutions at unforeseen periods, and, in one word, all the advantages (!) of ministerial crises!"

I think it is as well your readers should see what the tone assumed by Buonapartist journalists towards us is just now, because it is a new one, adopted but recently, and indicating what perhaps ought not to be permitted to pass entirely unnoticed.

Up to a very short while since it was the fashion here to say that undoubtedly Parliamentary institutions were the highest and freest form of government, and that self-government was the most elevated aim to which a nation could aspire; but it was affirmed that France was not ripe for self-government, and must still pursue a long course of political studies before she could be in a condition to bear the amount of freedom which it is the blessed privilege of the Anglo-Saxon races to look upon as their right, yet never take any undue advantage of. The superiority of constitutionalism, as it is termed here, over absolutism was not contested; but the preparation of the French community for constitutional practices was denied. This was matter for discussion and appreciation, and there might seem to be a good deal of truth in the Bonapartist argument. But now a totally different position is taken up: it is no longer said that British institutions are superior, but that Frenchmen are not capable of supporting them; it is flatly declared that those who are submitted to a Parliamentary regimen are worthy of every feeling of commiseration that kind-hearted people have in store for those among their fellow-creatures who are more than ordinarily unfortunate. It is no question of examining whether the bleak November day may not by dint of warm clothing be judged possible for our juvenile friend's canter—it is the audacious declaration of the November day being actually too hot to admit of warm clothing at all.

This cuts two ways. Not only it shows England as governed by a system that provokes pity and contempt, but it liberates the imperialist régime from any necessity of ever granting any increase of freedom to the populations that are now ruled over despotically. I think this a point that on your side of the water you will not find time wasted in studying.

Meanwhile the method of "*Panem et Circenses*" is more than ever applied to this people, and the lazier and less dignified it becomes, the more it flocks to places of public amusement, even when the perpetual frequentation of them exhausts the resources that ought to have furnished vital necessities for the neglected home. By the bye, the hackneyed phrase I have made use of, has given rise to a calembourg that is just now going from mouth to mouth all through Paris. It is affirmed that a man of law, who had ill-employed his time at school, asked one of his colleagues of the bench the other day what the real meaning of *Panem et Circenses* was? The individual addressed, having made positively sure that his questioner was not feigning ignorance, sedately answered, "It means *les farces de M. Dupin*" (*du Pains*); and at this moment, from the *gambes jaunes* down to the *gamins*, the loungers of the Boulevards when they enter a theatre, say, that they are going to take their portion of "*les farces du père Dupin*."

But the term "*gants jaunes*," which I have just employed is now an obsolete one; the new epithet for an *élégant*, a *lion*, a *dandy*, is a "*gaudin*." The derivation is from the word *gaud*, as applied to the small space extending from the *Café Tortoni* to what was the *Café de Paris*, and which space was known by the appellation of the *Boulevard de Gaud*. The unfledged fashionables whose extremely intellectual habits and profound philosophical researches led them to saunter up and down this portion of the Boulevards are now known by the name of "*gaudins*." It is, I should imagine, more especially for their improvement and delight, that the new fairy-piece at the Variétés has been given, for it strictly preserves that degree of intellectuality that the "*polkas*," "*gaudins*," and other children of Mabile, the *Château des Fleurs*, or Cremorne, easily attain to, but seldom overstep. *Les Bibelots du Diable* are really too exquisitely amusing for me to leave them altogether in the shade, and however absurd they may be, they provoke such a shout, such a shriek of laughter throughout this whole city, that I cannot make up my mind to deprive your readers of at least its echo.

The name of the piece comes from the fact of a collection of curiosities being to be sold at the residence of an old sorcerer named Faustus, who to the astonishment of his fellow-citizens has lately been gathered to his fathers. Who his "fathers" were we are left to conjecture. All the personages of the farce come to this sale, expecting to buy treasures for nothing; but the first disappointment their experience is, that there are no "treasures" to be bought. You would think *Macbeth*'s witches had given up the contents of their cauldrons to furnish forth the chattels and "personals" of this horrid old impostor, the defunct wizard. Cows' tails, sheep's feet, pill-boxes, greasy old boots, rotten eggs, and the Lord knows what other lumber, constitute the best part of the curiosities, exposed to view. But these are the "devil's toys," the "*bibelots*," whereby no end of strange incidents are to be brought to pass.

The chief event to be produced is the rupture of a projected marriage between a peasant girl and the Marquis de Vertu Choux, a silly, slender slip of a grand seigneur, who is, from head to foot, attired in canary-coloured silk, and looks as like "sweet Anne Page's" awkward swain as can any son of Gaul who ignores Shakspeare. The marriage is broken off because the youthful shepherdess *Florine*, who is remarkably like a very pretty damsel in Dresden china, has become possessed of a certain gilt branch of some fantastic shrub of fairy land, by the aid whereof M. le Marquis is turned into a marvellously curious "poor monster," with a calf's head instead of his own upon his shoulders. By the virtue of the sorcerer's *bibelots* everybody is in some way transmogrified, and since the immortal adventures of the immortal Baron Munchausen, I know of nothing so irresistibly ludicrous as some of the accidents of the various metamorphoses. The most striking are those of the farm-donkey into a sort of Tony Lumpkin, and of a slow sluggish rustic, named Canichon, into a personage so fast that, by only moving his great toe, he crosses over a high-road with a ploughed field on either side. It is impossible, whatever your sense of your own respectability, to avoid convulsions of laughter at sight of Canichon, who having upon most urgent business to speak to the *batli du village*, his next door neighbour, tries uselessly to force his steps within the limits of his necessities, and who, do what he will, jumps over two or three villages, and finds himself four or five leagues off his goal if he does but put "one foot before the other." Even this, however, is nothing compared to the acting of Lassagne in the part of *Jean d'Anières*, the ploughboy, who was once an ass, and who retains various indubitable traces of his former state. Lassagne's ears, and his manner of braying are beyond description, and also beyond praise. He is the incarnation of all the illustrious asses in the world, from the scriptural dobbie who addressed Balaam in his mother tongue, to the beloved of Queen Titania,—from the donkey of Apuleius to the Dapple of Sancho Panza. An ass

of such pure descent, so slightly mitigated by his assumption of the "human form divine," never was seen as Lassagne in *Les Bibelots*, and he gives it all such an air of probability, that one looks round involuntarily at one's fellow-creatures, somewhat shocked at the frequency of appearances that seem to betray exactly such a transformation as the one just operated on the stage; I repeat it, no one can resist Lassagne's *Jean d'Anières*. It would force an explosion of boisterous merriment from a Prime Minister who had been outvoted and driven to resign an hour before.

I can't say as much for the "*grande représentation*" of last Saturday at the Grand Opera for the benefit of Roger the tenor. This was anything but a gay affair. In the first place the *Trova-tore*, with its witches and monks, its choruses of sledge hammers diversified by funeral bells, and its recitals of children roasted and mothers hung, is at no time a very exhilarating exhibition, but somehow or other at the Italiens one is used to it, and we listen without much attending to the "story." This is not possible at the Opera, and above all with such a singer as Roger, who, not being able to depend upon his merely musical capacities for success, is resolved you shall not miss a word of what he has to say. You are obliged therefore, whether you like it or not, to become acquainted with the minutest details of *Manrico*'s miseries; and instead of putting the interpretation of your own reveries upon the strains sung in problematical Italian (to which you need not listen) by a rich-toned Italian voice, you are pinned down to his exceedingly ugly and disagreeable text by a too conscientious artist who, almost always a quarter of a tone too flat, won't let you escape, but crams your ear with the words he has to sing. Roger is not a good *Manrico*; but who is? I must say that as yet I have never heard one, not excepting Giuglini or Mario; and a very simple reason will account for the fact—it is one of those parts which, like many of Verdi's, are not written for a mere line-singer, but for an instrument. Till tenors and soprani are superseded, as are post-horses, by steam, we shall never hear the vocal portion of any of Verdi's works perfectly executed. Upon this, volumes might be written, which I will not inflict upon you. The ceremony of last Saturday was arranged in order to give a hearing to Madame de Meric Lablache in the role of *Azucena*, and a very great success she had. But to show the degree to which the judgment of the Parisian musical critics is to be trusted, it will suffice to observe, that when alluding to the *débütante* of last week they, in a complaining tone, register the fact of Madame de Meric having "rather a mezzo-soprano voice than a genuine contralto." And pray, one feels tempted to say to them, what would you have done with her if she were a contralto? Supposing she belonged to that family of voices which our generation has, whatever it may think to the contrary, seldom or never heard, where would you find employment for her in the lyrical works of our time? Not a contralto forsooth! Well now, in sober earnest, I should enjoy seeing a "genuine contralto" setting to upon the gipsy of the *Trova-tore*, and bringing to bear the real natural qualities of the voice God gave her upon a part in which those qualities are barely required more than twice, but in which their contrary ones are from first to last put in requisition. A pleasant study would be to be made (I can fancy few pleasanter) upon the incredible ignorance of the so-called *Aristarchs* of this place. The man who knows something (very little probably, but still something) of architecture, or it may be sculpture, is appointed to write a musical *feuilleton*, whilst he who does happen to know a flat from a sharp, or it may be can execute an *air varié* upon the violin, is set to talk painting, and instruct the readers of his journal in the art of Raphael and Leonardo. But more than anywhere else, these *feuilletonistes* are incapable in the musical department,—and I say again, a very amusing volume might be written apropos to their mistakes. The Gaul is, of his nature, *unmusical*—he is only not sufficiently aware of the fact. The English, are

not *creators* in music, but take us as a public generally, we are infinitely better appreciators of music than the French. It is time this should be loudly proclaimed.

Paris, Wednesday.

Letters from Victor Hugo to some of his literary friends have been received within the last few days from Guernsey, where he is still undergoing that unjust exile to which the French Emperor has condemned him,—more because that head of the State is unable to forget the cruel wounds which Hugo inflicted on his vanity, than because the poet is dangerous to the Imperial régime. Hugo says, that though the bitterness of exile has entered his heart, he still possesses the divine gift of song, if not in all the freshness and vigour of his early manhood, when he won European renown, at least in such a degree as to make him, he hopes not presumptuously, believe that he can still produce verses which the public will be glad to read; and he intimates that he is now giving the finishing touches to a volume of poems in the style of his earlier odes. A new book of poetry from him would, assuredly, in French parlance, be an *événement* which the public would welcome with the liveliest joy; but the chances are that the government, as it has done before, will not allow any new work of his to be printed or sold in France; so that he must content himself with being read by Belgians, English, Germans, and other foreigners, and by—posterity. This, of course, will cause him heavy pecuniary loss; and in subjecting him to that loss, the French government will increase the odium which its conduct towards him has already occasioned.

One of the poet's sons is, it appears, busily engaged in making a complete and literal translation of all Shakspeare's plays; and partial friends are vaunting the exceeding excellence of the portion he has already done. Nothing is more needed in French literature than a good translation of Shakspeare; and any one who undertakes the arduous task of attempting it deserves every encouragement. But it may be doubted that young Hugo possesses the profound philological knowledge of English and French, the poetical faculty, and the many other attainments and natural gifts which are indispensably necessary, in order to enable the enterprise to be accomplished with anything like success.

The extreme watchfulness with which French dramatists guard their interests has been exemplified this week. Some years back the Dramatic Authors' Society, represented by Scribe, came to an agreement with the manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, in the name of himself and successors, as to the conditions on which the pieces of members of the Society should be represented; and amongst other things the agreement said that when a piece was once accepted the management should be bound to have it acted within eighteen months at the latest, under pain of paying 48*l.* if it were in one act, a higher sum if in two acts, and a still higher sum if in three or more acts. Well: some time in 1856 the manager of the theatre accepted a one-act vaudeville, entitled *Pierre Lilas*, by an author unknown to fame of the name of Comberousse; but he died without producing it. His successor did not bring it out either,—perhaps even did not know of its existence, and Comberousse made no communication to him on the subject. But when the eighteen months had expired, down came Comberousse on the manager: "Pay me 48*l.*," said he, "and give me back my manuscript!" The manager begged pardon for having neglected the vaudeville, and offered to have it acted at once. "The cash! the cash!" was Comberousse's scornful reply. The manager complained that Comberousse was very severe, and in the hope of pacifying him put the play into rehearsal; but Comberousse growled "The money, if you please!" Manager declined to pay, and up to the Tribunal of Commerce did Comberousse pull him. Said Comberousse, "The agreement between the Dramatic Authors' Society and the management of the Vaudeville Theatre is formal:—for a one-act play accepted and not

performed during the space of eighteen months, 48*l*.; eighteen months and some days have passed since my vaudeville was accepted, and it has not been acted:—give me then, O Tribunal, the money!" "Hear me, wise and learned judges!" cried the manager: "I admit that the agreement exists;—I admit that by an oversight eighteen months have passed since the vaudeville of this gentleman was received: but to repair that oversight, I have put the play into rehearsal, and I offer to bring it out immediately. What harm has he then suffered? A few days' delay—nothing more, most venerable judges—and even that delay would not have taken place had he given himself the trouble to call on me or write me a line to remind me of the play!" The judges scratched their heads and stroked their noses, and looked wondrous wise, and being men of business, not professional lawyers, they after much cogitation came to the conclusion that really the author had sustained no great injury, and that what the manager said was perfectly reasonable. They therefore decided that Comberousse should not have the 48*l*., but should content himself with an undertaking from the manager to have the vaudeville acted within a month. On this, great was the commotion amongst the Directory Committee of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and amongst the whole of the worshipful playwrighting community. Committee met; and the proposition was made, "that the judges of the Tribunal of Commerce are asses—that a dramatic author is as much entitled to his bond as Shylock was—and that Comberousse shall have his bond." Carried unanimously! Accordingly the Society, in the name of Comberousse, appealed to the Imperial Court, and the court assembled the other day to decide on the important matter. Lawyer for manager maintained, with so much energy that he became hot in the face, that the Tribunal of Commerce had decided rightly; and he quoted twenty solemn judgments of courts, and fifty other precedents to prove it. Advocate for Dramatic Authors' Society argued for three hours, without stopping, that a bond means a bond; and he demonstrated it by quoting seventy solemn judgments and other precedents. The court, making use of innumerable "considerings" and "whereases," and not a little perfectly incomprehensible jargon, decided that undoubtedly the manager of the theatre was in law bound by the very letter of the agreement with the Society; and that, consequently, the judgment of the tribunal must be reversed, and he must give Comberousse the 48*l*. claimed. This decision has afforded great delight to all the people who write plays. It will undoubtedly be advantageous to them, not only on account of the principle it establishes, but because it shows managers their determination to "stand no nonsense" at their hands.

An Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists is to take place at Rouen on the 1st of October. In announcing some weeks back the fixing of an exhibition at Paris for next spring, I took the liberty of recommending to English painters and sculptors to exhibit largely; and I now venture to tell them that they would do well not to neglect even the provincial exhibitions in this country, inasmuch as they attract a considerable degree of notice from all who occupy themselves with art, and lead to sales of pictures and sculpture. Hitherto English artists have, as a body, been strangely indifferent to continental fame and gold; but the extraordinary success which the English school of Art attained in the Universal Exhibition of 1855, in this city, ought to convince them that they can easily secure both—and surely those are things worth having. How eagerly French artists strive for popularity and cash in England all your readers know;—and Englishmen do injustice to themselves and their country in not endeavouring to make their works known all over the continent.

In my last I mentioned that a list had been drawn up of the journals and periodicals that have been started and have perished in this city, within the last six years, that is, since the establishment of a despotic form of government;—and though it comprised not fewer than thirty-eight

names, I expressed the opinion that it was far from complete. It turns out that this opinion was correct,—the list actually contained only about half the names that ought to have figured in it! Yes, the number of journals and periodicals that have striven to live, and owing to the oppressive laws that prevail have found death, is in six years very nearly eighty! And note, the greater part of them were literary. To those persons who know anything of the state of the literary community in France, sad is the tale told by that failure of so many journals:—for that tale is that there are scores of poor fellows, intelligent, well-educated, and with talents above the common run, who follow the precarious calling of literature, and who, being unable to dig and ashamed to beg, make the most desperate efforts to gain a livelihood by it, but are doomed to disappointment after disappointment.

Talking of journals, this very week has witnessed the legal annihilation of another:—A paper called the *Audience* was some time ago started, to give reports of proceedings before the law courts, and it naturally published a report of the trial of Orsini and his accomplices for the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon. But one of the Courts has just decided that this report was of a political character, and that as the *Audience* was not authorised to meddle with politics, the publication of it was a violation of the law which must be punished by the suppression of the journal. The Court moreover condemned the editor and printer of the *Audience* to fine and imprisonment for having unwittingly violated the law.

Madrid, August 30.

Perhaps you may think it worth while to mention in the *Literary Gazette* that the Spanish government has just relieved the writers of novels and tales published in fragments, in the *feuilleton* department of the daily newspapers, from the necessity under which they have for years been, of submitting their productions *entire* to the censors of the press before the publication is commenced, and has allowed those productions to be presented in such portions, even down to the contents of a single *feuilleton*, as may be most convenient. People acquainted with the habits of working of light *litterateurs*, and whose habits are pretty much the same under the hot sun of Spain as in more northern climes, will see that the government has made a concession which is not unimportant to that fraternity.

If the government had at the same time abolished the censorship altogether, it would have earned for itself the enduring gratitude of Spanish literature, and the admiration of all Europe. But that is a thing which is hardly to be expected for many years to come. Yet it is greatly needed, for the censorship contrives to make itself extremely silly. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" for example, the most harmless of books, the reading of which in England is freely allowed to children, and which in France is a school-book to juvenile students of the English language,—even in it, numerous passages are omitted in the Spanish translation as pernicious. In "Robinson Crusoe," too, there are many blanks, and the censorship for reasons of its own has actually transformed the name of poor Friday into "Domingo"—Sunday. In a translation of the well-known "Life of Philip II.," which by the way is very cleverly done by Gayetano Rosell—all the passages reflecting on the Roman Catholic religion, and the odious temporal oppression of the Papacy and its creatures, are omitted by the censorship—the translator courageously recording the fact in foot notes. In some cases translators knowing that "heretical" and "liberal" opinions will never pass much with the censors, make their authors use language they never employed;—but this is a gross piece of impudence, and even a scandalous wrong, for which they ought to be called to account.

THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES."

A letter from Florence in the *Continental Review* gives the following particulars respecting the life and works of Carlo Troya, one of the pro-

foundest and most indefatigable cultivators of historical science. His life was not short, for he had reached the age of seventy-three, and yet his decease comes as unseasonable and most sad to all those who wished to see the completion of his "Italy in the Middle Ages," a gigantic work, and one capable of frightening the most patient and enduring of the plodding men of learning among the Germans. Carlo Troya, who had been a champion of the Liberal cause in 1820, left his country when the Austrians invaded the kingdom of Naples. I cannot say what was his motive. Was it his object to escape the persecutions of a cruel and vindictive government, or was this step taken because he shrank from witnessing the sufferings of others? He took refuge in the Papal States, where he remained several years, engaged in a course of profound study of Italian history. The more he progressed in his researches, the more powerfully was he impressed with the necessity of publishing their results. Imbued with an enthusiastic admiration of Dante, he wished to visit all the places which were hallowed by the presence of the poet. With the view of historically illustrating the "Divina Commedia," he published a book, which has since become famous, on the "Veltro Allegorico." As this title is probably unintelligible to the majority of your readers, I will, with your permission, say a few words tending to explain it.

From the first commentators of Dante's poems, from his cousins and disciples down to our days, the Italians have made it their business to divine his allegories. They have invented and published such a number and variety of opinions that this class of Dante literature exceeds by many thousand volumes the interpretation of the Revelations of St. John. At the commencement of his mystic *epopee* Dante mentions three wild beasts, a lion, a leopard, and a wolf. Up to Troya's time the critics were more positive than ever in their explanation of the three symbols, and an opinion prevailed that the wolf was an allegorical figure for the Court of Rome, and hence the Veltro (hound) mentioned in sundry places by the poet, which was to track it and hunt it out of Italy, could only represent the coming political saviour of the peninsula. The wise in their own conceit squabbled about who and what could be this saviour? While the majority, taking their stand on the opinions of the oldest commentators, affirmed that the liberator, the restorer of the Roman Empire in Rome was Henry VII. of Luxemburg. Troya undertook to demonstrate that the person meant was Uguccione della Fagiolola, the head of the Ghibelline party. Although this opinion failed to make many converts, still Troya's book became of very great importance, because he most ably illustrated a variety of controversial points of that celebrated period (1300 to 1320).

The "Veltro Allegorico," however, would not have sufficed to raise its author above the level of ordinary historians. That task was reserved for his history of the Middle Ages. You in England remember the impression made upon your nation by the publication of Hallam's "Middle Ages." And yet the work of the venerable English historian is a compendium of that of the Neapolitan. His object was to give a striking and life-like description of the long reign of the Longobards, and the vicissitudes which in that reign affected the Roman civilisation; in short, he had the ambition of depicting in its every phase the transformation of the ancient world into the modern. This work, abounding in dissertation and argumentation, and profuse in annotations, dived into the origin, the habits, the condition, and the frequent and most intricate migrations of the numerous nations which invaded the territories of the Roman empire, and it was amplified by a "Codice Diplomatico Longobardo," containing above a thousand documents. Italy laments that the author was not spared to finish his work, which throws so much light on a period which even in our days is of the greatest importance for the practical politics of the Italians.

The Queen leaves Osborne on Monday for Leeds, where she will open the New Town Hall the next day.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The programme for the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the British Association, to be held in Leeds next month, has been published. The meeting will commence on Wednesday the 22nd of September, under the presidency of Professor Owen, Major-General Sabine acting as general secretary, and Professor Phillips as assistant general secretary. The local secretaries will be the Rev. Thomas Hincks, W. S. Ward, Esq., and Thomas Wilson, Esq. The Town Hall will be open, as the reception-room, on Monday, 13th of September, and afterwards during the meeting, for supplying lists and prices of lodgings, lists and addresses of members, and for giving information regarding the proceedings of the sections. The first general meeting will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, September 22, at half-past eight, P.M., when the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., F.R.S., &c., will resign the chair, and Professor Owen, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., will deliver an address as president elect. The different sections will assemble in the rooms appointed for them in the Town Hall, for the reading and discussion of reports and other communications, on Thursday, Sept. 23; Friday, 24; Saturday, 25; Monday, 27; and Tuesday, 28, at eleven, A.M., precisely. There will be seven sections, viz.:—A. Mathematical and Physical Science; president, Rev. W. Whewell, D.D., F.R.S. B. Chemical Science; president, Sir John Herschel, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S. C. Geology; president, William Hopkins, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S. D. Zoology and Botany, including Physiology; president, Charles Darwin, Esq., F.R.S. E. Geography and Ethnology; president, Sir R. I. Murchison, D.C.L., F.R.S. F. Economic Science and Statistics; president, E. Baines, Esq. G. Mechanical Science; president, W. Fairbairn, Esq., F.R.S. On the Thursday evening there will be a conversation in the Town Hall, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. On Friday evening, Professor Phillips will deliver a discourse on the ironstones of Cleveland; on Monday evening, the president, Professor Owen, will deliver a discourse on the fossil quadrupeds of Australia, and on Tuesday evening there will be a conversation at the Town Hall, commencing at half-past eight o'clock. The concluding general meeting will take place in the Town Hall, on Wednesday the 29th, at three, P.M. The proceedings of the general committee, and the grants of money sanctioned by it will then be stated.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair. James Philip Lacaita, Esq., LL.D., on the late Earthquakes in Southern Italy.—Southern Italy is celebrated for its delightful climate, its matchless scenery, its great historical associations; but it has also a less enviable renown; it is the classic ground of volcanoes and earthquakes. Etna and Vesuvius are the two most active volcanoes in Europe, and terrific earthquakes have often desolated vast districts of the country. Though the common origin, to a certain extent, of the agents producing the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes is now scarcely questioned, considerable difference of opinion still prevails with regard to the real nature and character of those agents. It is for men of science to determine whether those agents are to be found in the internal heat of the earth which is supposed to arise from a state of fusion; or in the heat produced by chemical combinations and changes; or in the currents of electricity circulating on the earth's crust; or in any other causes whatsoever. On this *vetusta questio* much light will no doubt be thrown before long by the observations made on the spot by Mr. Mallet, the distinguished author of the "Dynamics of Earthquakes," who, on the first news of the late earthquake in Southern Italy in December last, was sent thither by the Royal Society, for the pursuit of scientific inquiry. Without entering, however, into the field of science, the object of the speaker was to

give the members of the Royal Institution a short account of six great earthquakes, without counting minor ones, which within the memory of man laid waste extensive tracts of the kingdom of Naples, and caused great loss of life; and especially of the last earthquake, which took place on the night of the 16th of December, 1857. 1. On the 5th of February, 1783, at 1 P.M., the Piana di Monteleone, in the province of Calabria Ultra I., was convulsed by a violent shock of earthquake, which in less than two minutes levelled to the ground 109 towns and villages, and buried 32,000 out of 166,000 inhabitants under the ruins of their houses. A repetition of the shock at midnight ruined the towns of Reggio and Messina, and convulsed the whole Valdemone. At the entrance of the Faro Straits, the sea, retiring from the Calabrian shore and afterwards rushing back with overwhelming violence, swept away more than 1500 inhabitants of the town of Scylla, who had taken refuge on the beach for safety. After a succession of slight shocks on the 28th of the following March, another violent shock convulsed the whole country from Reggio to Cape Colonna, an area of 1200 square miles, and added 2000 more to the number of victims. Mountains were cleft asunder, high cliffs tumbled down, rivers turned from their bed or dammed in their course, lakes formed, valleys lifted up into hills, deep chasms opened, the physical aspect of the country changed, all distinctions of property altered. For twenty days a thick pestilential fog set over the desolated country; epidemic fevers followed in summer; and at the beginning of 1784 Calabria had already lost more than 80,000 inhabitants. From February to December, 1783, there were no less than 949 shocks, and 151 in 1784; they did not altogether cease till 1786. 2. The mountain of Frosolone, in the province of Molise, the ancient *Samnium*, on the 26th of July, 1804, at 10½ P.M., was the centre of a violent shock of earthquake, which lasted thirty-five seconds, and caused great desolation over an area of 600 square miles. It ruined 61 towns and villages, and crushed to death more than 6000 people. It was severely felt as far as Naples, where all the buildings were greatly injured by its effects. 3. On the 29th of April, 1835, and on several successive days, the Val di Crati, in the province of Calabria Citra, including the town of Cosenza and its numerous villages, was convulsed by violent shocks of earthquake, which caused the death of more than 1000 people under the ruins. 4. On the 12th of October, 1836, the districts of Rossano and Castrovinci, in the same province, and the district of Lagonegro, in Basilicata, felt another violent shock of earthquake, which swept away more than 600 inhabitants. 5. The city of Melfi, built on a spur of Mount Vulture, an extinct volcano in the province of Basilicata, on the 14th of August 1851 was the focus of a violent earthquake, which, besides Melfi itself, ruined Barile, Rapolla, and many other towns, and was felt as far as Naples on the western, and Brindisi on the eastern coast. The first shock, at 2 P.M., lasted 20 seconds; the second shock, at 3 P.M., lasted only five seconds. The loss of human life exceeded 1400; Melfi alone, out of 9274, lost 1093 inhabitants. 6. But worse than any of the later earthquakes, and second only to the Calabrian one of 1783, was the earthquake which took place on the 16th of December last, at 10½ P.M., at a season of the year, which, by a comparison of all the known dates of earthquakes, has been ascertained to be more subject to disturbances than any other. The sky was clear, the air still; indeed unusual stillness had prevailed the whole of that day. A sharp undulatory shock of 20 seconds' duration, immediately preceded and accompanied by an appalling hollow rumbling noise, had scarcely awaked the inhabitants, who, according to the early habits of provincial life had already retired to rest, when after a hardly perceptible pause of about three minutes, a second and most violent successive and whirling shock of 25 seconds' duration crushed thousands of them under the ruins of their falling houses. Three other shocks were felt on that awful night, and many others on the following days; but none nearly so violent and so destructive

as the two former ones. For nearly two months a slight shock was felt almost periodically just before sunrise. On the 7th of March, about 3 P.M., a violent shock, second only to those of the 16th of December, was felt, which caused considerable injury; and, according to the latest accounts, up to the 28th of April last, the shocks, though comparatively slight and harmless, still continued, and the people were in a state of constant alarm. Such was also the case in every one of the five previous earthquakes that have been noticed; the violence of the hidden agents at work was not at once exhausted by the first great shocks, but continued slightly to shake the ground for months, and sometimes, as in the Calabrian earthquake of 1783, for nearly four years afterwards. The seat of this earthquake was in the central group of mountains in the provinces of Basilicata and Principato Citra, part of the main chain of the Apennines, which are the watershed between the streams flowing into the Tyrrhenian, the Ionian, and the Adriatic sea, and form the upper basins of the Calore or Tanagro, the Sele, the Ofanto, the Bradano, the Basento, the Sinno, and the Agri rivers. The centre of action, as far as it can be judged from the intensity of its terrific effects, was almost in the heart of the province of Basilicata, in a group of compact limestone mountains of the cretaceous period, the southern branch of the said central group, which running from north to south between the heads of the valleys of the Sinno and the Agri on the east, and the valley of Diano on the west, swells farther south into the lofty peaks of Monte Cocuzzo, Monte del Papa, and Monte Pollino, on the frontiers of Calabria. On the declivities or lower peaks of this group, which are covered with beds of tertiary marine marl sands and conglomerate, and within a district extending over an area of about 216 square miles, stand, or rather stood, the towns and villages of Montemurro, Saponara, Viggiano, Tramutola, Marsico Vetere, Marsico Nuovo, Spinosa and Sarconi, with an aggregate population of 35,570. Out of this number more than 12,000, or more than one-third, in less than half a minute were crushed to death; two thousand severely wounded! The ground was cracked and convulsed in the strangest manner; chasms and deep fissures were opened in several places, fertile hills became bare rocks, valleys were raised up, small pools formed, mountains cleft by deep ravines. The towns of Montemurro and Saponara especially were nearly entirely swept away; the former lost 5600 out of 7000, and the latter 3000 out of 4000 inhabitants. Saponara, which rose in the middle ages out of the ancient *Grumentum*, where Hannibal sustained a slight defeat by the Consul Claudius Nero, was almost entirely levelled with the ground; there remain only a few shattered houses standing. Of Montemurro, originally a Saracenic settlement of the tenth century, literally nothing was left but a heap of rubbish. On the morning of the 17th of December, 5600 of its inhabitants were dead or dying under the ruins, 685 disabled by wounds; the few remaining unhurt found themselves torn from their dearest ones, houseless, amidst a mass of ruins, without means of subsistence or help, and exposed to all the inclemency of a severe winter on a high peak of the Apennines! A few days later the stench of the dead human beings under the ruins made life unbearable to the few surviving ones! Both at Montemurro and Saponara, most of the houses standing on beds of conglomerate had been overturned, or shuffled in the strangest manner, and the ruins deposited in the ravines beneath; the contents of the lower stories were, in several instances, thrown up into the stories above, or scattered into different directions, as if propelled by a central force. The scenes of misery and horror that took place in those doomed towns exceed what imagination can fancy. Viggiano came next, a town whose inhabitants from time immemorial have been in the habit of wandering with their harps over different parts of the world, and return home with their savings in summer. It lost 1700 out of 6634 inhabitants, and had most of the houses and churches overthrown. At this place an extensive fire added to the horrors

of the night. From the centre of a triangle formed by these three towns, on which the fury of the convulsion was more violently wreaked, the distances, in a direct line, are,—to the Gulf of Policastro, 24 miles; to Paestum, on the Gulf of Salerno, 58 miles; to the mouth of the Agri, on the Gulf of Tarentum, 47 miles; to the extinct volcano of Mount Vulture, 55 miles; to Mount Vesuvius, 94 miles; to Bari, on the Adriatic, 80 miles; and to Mount Etna, 195 miles. Beyond this district, the terrific effects of the earthquake extended, though somewhat diminished in intensity, over an area of more than 3000 square miles, destroying or injuring, more or less, about 200 towns and villages, with an aggregate population of more than 200,000 inhabitants, of whom no less than 10,000 were killed. Within this area the beautiful and fertile valley of Diano, through which flows the Tanagro, a tributary of the Sele, traversed in its length by the high road leading into Calabria, and enlivened on both sides by numerous towns and villages built on the top or the slope of the hills, was sadly desolated. Polla is said to have lost 2000 out of 7060 inhabitants; Pedula, 500 out of 9000; Pertosa, 218 out of 1100; Sassano, 185 out of 3600; Montesano, 420 out of 4800, &c. Leaving the valley of Diano, and proceeding northwards to the head of the valley of the Sele, will be found Brienza, Calvello, St. Angelo Le Fratte, Picerno, Tito, Potenza, the capital of Basilicata, &c., with most of their houses and public buildings ruined, and many of their inhabitants killed. At Tito, in particular, more than 300 out of 4939 inhabitants were crushed to death, and its beautiful Norman cathedral totally thrown to the ground. South of Potenza, in the upper valleys of the Bradano, the Basento and the Agri, and eastward of the centre of action, Laurenzana, Corleto, Guardia, Aliano, Armento, Gallicchio, Missanello, Sant' Arcangelo, Castelsaraceno, and numerous other towns and villages, had most of the houses thrown down, and many inhabitants killed. But the effects of this terrific earthquake extended far beyond the large area that has just been noticed. The two shocks of the 16th were felt, with various degrees of intensity, as far as the town of Reggio in Calabria on the south, Brindisi on the Adriatic, on the east, Vasto, also on the Adriatic, on the north, and Terracina on the west. Within these limits many towns had their buildings much injured, and some inhabitants killed. All the towns on the Adriatic, from Polignano to Manfredonia, had their buildings rent. At Canosa, 15 houses were thrown down, 155 more rendered uninhabitable, and 5 persons were killed. At Melfi and Barile, there were three deaths. In the neighbourhood of Bella, a town which stands half way between Potenza and Melfi, a tract of about 600 acres was split in different directions, and surrounded with a chasm 15 feet deep, and about as wide. At Salerno, many public buildings were injured, and 4 persons killed. Even at Trauntoni, near Amalfi, there were two deaths; and at Naples, the inhabitants were so greatly alarmed by the violence of the shocks, as to spend in the open air all the night of the 16th of December. On the whole, by this terrific earthquake, at least 22,000 human beings, on a most moderate calculation, were destroyed in a few seconds. Many no doubt would have been saved had it been possible by active steps to dig them out immediately. This will account for the comparatively very small number of wounded, in all about 4000. From the above data it will be seen that in the course of 75 years, from 1783 to 1857, the kingdom of Naples lost at least 111,000 inhabitants, by the effects of earthquakes, or more than 1500 per year, out of an average population of six millions! Several touching anecdotes were told in the course of the narrative. In 1783, Eloisa Basili, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was buried under the ruins with a child in her arms, who died on the fourth day. She was so wedged in that she could not get rid of its lifeless remains. She was dug out alive after eleven days, which she had counted from a ray of light that reached her. She recovered, but remained sad and gloomy, could not bear to see a child, would neither marry nor become a nun.

She preferred solitude, turned away with a shudder from houses, and liked to sit musing under a tree, whence no buildings were seen. She pined away and died at five-and-twenty. More fortunate was the lot of Marianna De' Franceschi, a beautiful young lady of twenty, who, in the earthquake of 1804, was dug out at Guardia Regia, after being buried for ten days and eight hours. She recovered, married, and became the mother of a numerous family. A lady with child was dug out after thirty hours by her devoted husband, who nearly died from over-fatigue. On being asked what her thoughts were during the time, she answered, "I was waiting." In the late earthquake, a gentleman of Montemurro, whilst escaping from the house with his wife and a large family of children, remembered that one of them had been left in bed. He rushed back to take him, but the house tumbling on every side, he remained alone on a wall. All his family were crushed to death. The blow was too great; his mind gave way, and he went raving mad. At Saponara, the judge was buried under the ruins of his house with his young wife and two children. He was dug out alive, but his wife was found dead lying across his knees with her arms outstretched towards her dead children. He was overwhelmed by his loss; ever since he has diligently fulfilled the duties of his office, but has never been heard to allude to the event, or seen to smile. Instances were mentioned, showing how tenacious life could be under the most trying circumstances. Besides the cases of Basili and De' Franceschi already recorded, in 1783 a baby was dug out alive on the third day, and lived. At Montemurro, in December last, Maria Antonia Palermo and her two little girls, one of them only thirteen months old, were dug out on the eighth day, and lived. With some animals the length of time they had stood alive was quite remarkable. A donkey was found living yet on the fifteenth day; and in 1783 two mules and a chicken were found still alive on the twenty-second, and two pigs on the thirty-second day. Five photographs of some of the ruined towns, which Mr. Mallet had kindly lent for the evening, were exhibited. Of the ruined cathedral of Tito, and of the churches of Polla, and other ruins, beautiful illustrations were afforded at the end of the discourse, by a series of photographs which Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of Hatton Garden, had had executed on the spot, and which, by the aid of the electric lamp, were reproduced on a large scale on the wall.—J. P. L.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE National Portrait Gallery continues to make steady progress. Very soon we hope to have to announce that the Trustees deem it "sufficiently advanced for public exhibition." When they drew up their "First Report," in May of the present year, the gallery contained 33 pictures: it now contains 53. A very few figures will show the accelerated rate at which it has increased. The formation of the gallery was sanctioned by Parliament in 1856; and its first acquisition was the Chandos Shakespeare—an excellent beginning—presented by the Earl of Ellesmere, near the end of that year. By the end of 1857 the gallery possessed 23 portraits—15 of which had been purchased, and 8 presented or bequeathed. In the first four months of the present year ten more portraits had been added, and twenty more in the next four months; of these 12 were presented and 18 purchased.

As we have not recorded every addition made to the gallery, and as its recent progress and present state are comparatively little known in consequence of its being necessary to make a formal written application in order to see it, a brief notice of its recent acquisitions may perhaps be acceptable. At the end of 1857 the gallery had acquired by present or bequest, besides the Chandos Shakespeare, portraits of Wilberforce (an unusually fine head by Lawrence); of Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons"; Stothard, the painter; the first Earl Stanhope; Spencer Perceval, &c.;

and by purchase, Sir Walter Raleigh; Lenthall, the Speaker of the Long Parliament; Bishop Warburton, Handel, Dr. Parr, Horne Tooke, William Huskisson, and as many more. Already it will be seen was laid the foundation of a comprehensive collection of British portraits, the only one whose title to a place among them could be questioned being Handel, while he by right of domicile (of nearly half a century) has as good a claim to rank amongst British worthies as the elder Herschel, whom no one would dream of excluding.

We will run over the pictures presented to the gallery during the present year, taking them in their order of presentation. Of these the first was old John Fox, whose "Booke of Martyrs" was laid reverently beside their Bible by many a generation of the "serious" families of Protestant England. Next followed the lively intelligent head of Wright of Derby, whose reputation is even yet scarcely metropolitan, but whose pictures are among the cherished household gods of the midland counties, and who with more concentration of purpose might have won an enduring name. Then we have the sculptor Nollekens, leaning on his favourite bust of Charles James Fox; Sir Francis Burdett, presented by his daughter, Miss Burdett Coutts; the good-natured face of Lord Chancellor Talbot, by Richardson, a painter better known by his writings than his pictures; Sir James Mackintosh, by Lawrence, a portrait well-known by the engraving from it prefixed to the "Life of Mackintosh," by his son; Robert Burns, painted by Nasmyth for Burns's friend, George Thomson; Mrs. Siddons, painted by Beechey, as is said, in 1798, but the great actress, a bright dark-eyed beauty, would hardly be supposed from her portrait to be so far on the shady side of forty as the date declares,—this picture, with a portrait of her brother, John Philip Kemble, by Gilbert Stuart, was presented to the gallery by Mr. J. T. Delane; Admiral Boscawen, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a manly and characteristic portrait of the old admiral, and though a little faded, a good average example of the pencil of our greatest portrait-painter; the celebrated Earl of Shelburne (and first Marquis of Lansdowne), also by Sir Joshua, was presented by the present Marquis of Lansdowne; last of all comes a profile portrait of General Wolfe, not of much worth as a work of art, but the fair, shrewd, sharp face is evidently a characteristic likeness of the conqueror of Quebec: this picture, which was formerly in the royal collection, and the property of the Princess Charlotte, was presented to the gallery by the King of the Belgians. A much better portrait of Wolfe by Reynolds is, we believe, in the possession of Mr. Cole of Worcester.

As regards the presents, the trustees of course have merely the power to decline such as are obviously inadmissible from the worthlessness of the picture or the mediocrity of the person. Their judgment in selection must be estimated by the works they purchase. As far as they have yet proceeded, their purchased works considerably exceed in value those presented to the gallery. During the present year they have bought the following pictures; we mention them in the order of purchase. An excellent portrait of William Sharp, our best portrait engraver, by Lonsdale. Captain Cook, painted by John Webber, R.A., the draftsman who accompanied him on his famous voyage. Chambers the architect, by his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds, the worse for time, but still a good picture. Elizabeth Carter, the famous Greek scholar, and the friend of Johnson, drawn in crayons by Sir Thomas Lawrence about 1788—interesting as a specimen of the art at that period, and as being one of Lawrence's earliest, as the unfinished Wilberforce is one of his latest, works. Bishop Hoadley, painted by Mrs. Hoadley, but touched on, as is believed, by Hogarth. Cardinal Wolsey, an old and most likely authentic portrait of the Butcher's Son; it was formerly at Weston, Warwickshire. The Cardinal is as usual represented in profile, doubtless because, as his bitter satirist wrote when he was at his highest prosperity, he went

"Full of melancholy,
With a flap afore his eye."

though the famous physician "Balthasar, that helid Domingo's nose," had promised, with his gums of Araby, to cure it—

"Let sum surgeons put a doubt
Yest he will put it clean out."

As it has often been questioned whether there is any contemporary reference to the Cardinal's defect or loss of an eye, it might not be amiss for Mr. Scharf in his catalogue of the gallery, to refer to Skelton in elucidation or illustration of this peculiarity in the Cardinal's portraits: he will find the passage in "Why Come ye nat to Court?" (lines 1165, &c.). The next portrait purchased after that of Wolsey, was an admirable one of the stern puritan Ireton, by Walker. We should much like to see placed along side of it Walker's portrait of Cromwell, now hung out of sight among the stuffed animals in the British Museum. The great Protector and his favourite general ought to be together. The purchases thus far are noticed in the Report of the Trustees. The following have been purchased since. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1757, and now a mere wreck. Far better in every respect is a portrait of Reynolds, painted by himself before his visit to Italy, and consequently before the accident to his lip, which gives so peculiar an expression to his mouth in subsequent portraits. This is the portrait which Northcote engraved as a frontispiece to his Life of Reynolds. The great painter shades his eyes with his left hand, whilst he holds in his right his palette and mahl-stick, showing thereby, without any attempt at concealment, that it was painted from a looking-glass. It is a capital work, finely painted,—broadly, and with a full rich pencil,—and is in excellent preservation. Altogether it is one of the choicest treasures of the collection. Sir William Windham, one of Lawrence's earlier works, and much less flimsy and meretricious than many of his later productions. Theodore Hook, by Eddis; said to be an excellent likeness of the wit in his best days. Sir Ralph Winwood, by Mirevelt, is the portrait so well known from Vertue's engraving. Nell Gwynne comes next, with her familiar face and eyes, and neck and drapery,—painted of course by Lely, the laureate painter of ladies of loose habits. Curious is the contrast between this and the portrait, purchased about the same time, of the conqueror of India, Clive, by Dance, who has well rendered the firm manly head of the great captain. A portrait of Opie, painted by himself, at the age of 24, is of no great mark. Thoroughly characteristic, however, is a little head, which Wilkie painted of himself, at the age of 29, and which was bought of his niece last July. With those already mentioned, it forms a good nucleus for a collection of portraits of painters. Another of the most recent acquisitions is a portrait of the Princess Charlotte, the first of the long series which Dawes painted of that ill-fated lady, and which he retained in his own possession till his death. It was purchased from the painter's nephew. The last portrait we have to mention is a head of Shakspeare's friend and patron, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by Mirevelt. The earl wears a large ruff, and the George. He has a broadish bluff face, and a pointed beard—by no means the face of a poet; indeed it bears a considerable likeness to the face of James I. as painted by Mytens; and though it is a mere random fancy, as we know nothing of the history of the portrait, we cannot help thinking that it is much more likely to be the work of Mytens than of Mirevelt.

To these may be added, though it does not yet form a part of the collection; Hayter's large picture of the 'First Reformed House of Commons,' which, on the recommendation of the Committee appointed to consider the matter, the Government has decided to purchase and to place in the National Portrait Gallery. The special value of the picture consists in its including the portraits of so large a number of the leading politicians of the period of the Reform bill, and many of whose names have become historical in connection with that measure and others of a scarcely less important character. And this purchase points to an extension of the plan of having only portraits

in the gallery, which we long ago advocated, and which we trust will be adopted: that, namely, of admitting *strictly contemporary*, and as far as can be judged, faithful representations (not of course artists' made-up pictures) of historical events, circumstances, or ceremonies—such, for example, as 'Henry VIII. Disembarking at Dover,' and 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' now at Hampton Court; Garrard's 'Queen Elizabeth on her Progress to Hunsdon House,' and 'Lord Burleigh Presiding in the Court of Wards,' which were in the Manchester Exhibition, and which have manifestly an interest and a value near akin to that of historical portraits.

Even this dry catalogue will have sufficed to show that the National Portrait Gallery is already becoming an extremely interesting collection. Complaints have been somewhat loudly but very unreasonably uttered against the Trustees for not purchasing the portraits of more eminent men. Why, it is said, buy portraits of such very unimportant persons as many here, when you have no Milton, or Bacon, or Newton? But it seems to be forgotten that authentic portraits of men like Milton, Bacon, and Newton, are almost as difficult to meet with as the men themselves. If indeed any such were refused or let slip, when an opportunity offered of purchasing them, censure would be justly due, but it is sheer folly to cry why not buy, when there is no possibility of buying. As far as we can judge, the Trustees have not failed to obtain the best obtainable portraits. And the selection has been made in a thoroughly Catholic spirit. Ireton and Nell Gwynne, Hoadley and Wilberforce, Elizabeth Carter and Cardinal Wolsey, all find a place here. However he may be spurned by the Houses of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell would receive a hearty welcome at the National Portrait Gallery. "The rule which the Trustees desire to lay down for themselves, in either making purchases or receiving presents, is to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist. They will attempt to estimate that celebrity without any bias to any political or religious party." They will, in fact, admit "any portrait which may be valuable, as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastical, or literary history of the country." They, however, by a stringent exceptional rule, practically exclude "any person still living or deceased less than ten years . . . except only in the case of the reigning sovereign or his or her Consort." An annual grant of 2000*l.* is voted by the House of Commons for the purposes of this Gallery; but the Trustees do not expend this sum unless works of unquestionable value offer—"thinking it most desirable that, while refraining from purchases that seem to them of less than ordinary interest, they may be able to reserve to themselves the means of profiting by any sudden and favourable opportunity for large acquisitions."

Nothing would tend so much to make the Gallery known, and to extend its popularity, and consequently to increase its acquisitions, as opening it to public inspection. This the Report says, "is the aim which the Trustees will always have before them as their final object, and which they will seek to accomplish at the earliest moment that they think warranted by the number of pictures which they may acquire." Another object is to arrange them "in a chronological series or order." There is one means, and a very simple one, by which both of these objects might be very quickly accomplished. It is that long since proposed, of adding to this collection the collection in the British Museum. The portraits now strangely out of place, as well as almost out of sight, among the stuffed birds and beasts in the gallery of natural history in Great Russell Street, would be in the best possible place and company in the National Portrait Gallery, Great George Street. Some indeed would be best left where they are, but what can possibly be urged on the score of fitness for allowing such portraits as Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, William the Third, Cranmer, Drake, Algernon Sidney, Marlborough, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Pope, Prior, and a host more of those most wanted at the National Portrait Gallery to remain in their present most

unsuitable locality? The question of proprietorship may present an obstacle, but it is not necessary in uniting the collections to amalgamate them; they could be duly registered and the ownership be distinctly marked, so that if it were at any time found necessary, they could be as readily separated as they had been originally brought together.

But whether this be done or not—and we fear that the official passivity is too great to be overcome by the mere force of public convenience—we trust that the opening of the Gallery will not be much longer delayed. The first step towards it has indeed been taken. By direction of the trustees, Mr. George Scharf, whom they have been so fortunate as to secure as Secretary and Keeper, has prepared and printed (though it is not yet published) a Catalogue of the Portraits, which besides a brief notice of the paintings, gives "in each case a short biographical notice of the person represented." This Catalogue, like everything which Mr. Scharf has done, whether with his pencil or his pen, is executed with the greatest care, skill, and good taste. We are indebted to it, and to his courtesy, for many of the particulars respecting the portraits given above.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY will be closed at the end of next week for the annual six weeks' vacation. At the re-opening some new pictures seem now to be expected, almost as a matter of course, by the public. This year that expectation will assuredly not be disappointed. Although there will be no addition comparable in size and importance to the Veronese of last year, two or three pictures will be added, and among them one which will be hailed as a great acquisition to the national collection. It is a 'Virgin and Child,' by Ghirlandajo—the first example which the nation has obtained of the pencil of that master, and one worthy of the teacher of Michel Angelo. The picture is of moderate size (about 3 feet 2 in. high by 2 feet 3 in. wide), but remarkably pure, we may indeed say grand, in style. The Virgin, whose dress is of a light blue, is seated, and has the infant Jesus on her lap, while a child angel stands on either side. Especially is the picture admirable for the grace of the composition, the calm elevated expression of the Virgin, and the sober religious feeling of the entire group. It belonged to the Contugi family, of Volterra, in whose possession it may have remained from the day it left the easel, as Ghirlandajo is known to have been on terms of friendship with a Contugi; but we believe that the present representatives of the family have no traditional or documentary history of the picture. It was purchased for the National Gallery from M. Homberg, a merchant of Florence. On the whole it is in excellent preservation: it has been repaired, but only in the less important parts. When it is placed on the walls of the National Gallery we shall probably notice it more fully. The gallery will re-open on the 25th of October, from which time the public days will be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday (instead of Thursday); the days set apart for students being Thursday and Friday, instead of Friday and Saturday as heretofore.

ELEVENTH REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE FINE ARTS.

"We the commissioners appointed by your Majesty for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of your Majesty's palace at Westminster—wherein your Majesty's parliament is wont to assemble—for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts in your Majesty's United Kingdom, and in what manner an object of so much importance might be most effectually promoted, beg leave to report to your Majesty the progress of the works recommended by us to be undertaken. In the House of Lords, the series of eighteen metal statues of barons and prelates—representing the principal personages who signed Magna Charta—has been completed; seven of such statues having been added since we submitted our last report,

bearing date the 8th of July, 1854. As St. Stephen's Hall stands on the spot where the House of Commons was, during many centuries, in the habit of assembling, we were, from the first, of opinion that it should be adorned with statues of men who rose to eminence by the eloquence and abilities which they displayed in that house. Twelve personages selected on this principle, were accordingly named in our fourth report, dated the 25th of April, 1845—Selden, Hampden, Lord Falkland, Lord Clarendon, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Grattan. The marble statues of those personages have now been completed; the statue of Selden by John Henry Foley, R.A.; that of Hampden by the same artist; that of Lord Falkland by Mr. John Bell; that of Lord Clarendon by William Calder Marshall, R.A.; that of Lord Somers by the same artist; that of Sir Robert Walpole by Mr. John Bell; that of Lord Chatham by Patrick McDowell, R.A.; that of Lord Mansfield by Edward Hodges Baily, R.A.; that of Burke by Mr. William Theed; that of Fox by Edward Hodges Baily, R.A.; that of Pitt by Patrick McDowell, R.A.; and that of Grattan by Mr. John Edward Carew. The above works are placed in St. Stephen's Hall, where we have been pleased to observe that they have appeared to form objects of great interest and attraction to the public. In our last report we proposed to commission Daniel Maclise, R.A., to paint a subject in fresco in the apartment called the Painted Chamber or Conference Hall; but some difficulties having been found to exist with regard to the lighting of some compartments in that locality, the work was postponed, and the artist was, at his own request, finally released from such undertaking. A grant of public money, amounting to 1,500*l.*, which had been voted by parliament for this object, was, with the consent of the Lords Commissioners of your Majesty's Treasury, appropriated to the painting of twenty-eight whole-length portraits of personages connected with the Tudor family, to be placed in the apartment called the Prince's chamber, as proposed in the appendix to our seventh report. Of such portraits, executed by or under the direction of Mr. Richard Burchett, fifteen have now been completed. Being taken from authentic sources, and executed in methods fitted to reproduce the style of the original works, they at once serve a decorative purpose, and constitute trustworthy resemblances of the historical personages represented. In our ninth report we had proposed that twelve compartments in the same room should be filled with metal casts from models of bas-reliefs, to be provided by a competent sculptor. The subjects proposed—relating to events corresponding with the periods of our history to which the before-named portraits belong—are enumerated in the appendix to our seventh report. The preparation of the models referred to was ultimately committed to Mr. William Theed. Eleven models, the design and execution of which are highly approved by us, have been completed by him accordingly; and ten of such models, cast in metal by Messrs. Elkington, Mason, and Company, of Birmingham, have been fixed in their places in the Prince's chamber. Referring to the same locality, we stated in our last report that John Gibson, R.A., had been commissioned by us to execute a statue of your Majesty with figures of Justice and Clemency at the sides, and with bas-reliefs on the principal pedestal, to be placed in the recess on the north side of the apartment. Such statues and accompaniments have been completed and placed accordingly. The classic taste and careful completion of those works have deserved and received general approbation. In our last report we further stated, with reference to the principal corridors connecting the Central Hall with the two Houses of Parliament, that we had commissioned Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., to undertake the commons' corridor, and Charles West Cope, R.A., to undertake the peers' corridor; the subjects intended for those localities being enumerated in the appendix to our seventh report, in which it was also proposed that the pictures should be painted in oil. Subsequent

experiments have, however, shown that the more or less shining surface of oil-paintings is not adapted for the localities referred to. We have, therefore, recommended that the method of fresco, which is not open to the same objection, should be employed instead of oil-painting. In the peers' corridor two subjects have been accordingly executed in fresco by Mr. Cope, and in the commons' corridor two subjects have been executed in the same method by Mr. Ward. It is proposed that the remaining compartments shall be also painted in fresco by the same artists. We propose to commission Daniel Maclise, R.A., to paint in fresco one of the subjects in the Royal Gallery, at the price of 1000*l.* The subjects proposed for that gallery, and which are also enumerated in the appendix to our seventh report, are fifteen in number, two of them measuring forty-five feet in length. The magnitude of the undertaking not only suggests the subdivision into two series of the upper and lower range of subjects; but, as regards the lower range alone, it appears advisable that the artist should contemplate the treatment of such subjects as have a correspondence or local relation with each other, so that, in the event of his being interrupted in the prosecution of so great a work, the portion which he may have been enabled to complete may still, as far as possible, form a whole by itself. For the above reasons we have thought it expedient to invite the artist, while confining himself to the lower range of subjects, to prepare designs for the two larger compartments on the east and west walls, and, in the first instance, to undertake one of the smaller compartments at the north or south end of the room. At the date of our last report, four frescoes relating to the legend of King Arthur had been completed by William Dyce, R.A., in your Majesty's robing-room. A cartoon of large dimensions, and highly approved by us, has since been prepared for another fresco of the series. We have to express our regret that the entire series of frescoes has not been completed within the time promised by the artist (July, 1857, nor within the further time (till the then next re-assembling of parliament) granted by us; but we trust that he will now use his utmost diligence in the prosecution of the work. With regard to the peers' robing-room, the subjects for which, to be executed in fresco, and which are explained in the appendix to our seventh report, have been committed to John Rogers Herbert, R.A., we are enabled to state, that the artist has completed, to our entire satisfaction, a large cartoon for the subject of 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites'; and we trust that the fresco from the same will proceed without interruption. In our ninth report, dated the 11th of March, 1850, we humbly stated to your Majesty that the Lords Commissioners of your Majesty's Treasury had consented to propose to parliament an annual expenditure, amounting to 4,000*l.*, to defray the cost of the various works recommended by us. Since that period we have, with the sanction of their lordships, continued to submit to parliament an annual estimate accordingly. We humbly subjoin, as an appendix to this report, some details connected with the statements herein contained.

"ALBERT. "EVERSLEY.
"SUTHERLAND. "WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY.
"NEWCASTLE. "LYNDHURST.
"LANDSOWNE. "MACAULAY.
"ABERDEEN. "JOHN EVELYN DENISON.
"CARLISLE. "J. R. G. GRAHAM.
"STANHOPE. "B. HALL.
"PALMERSTON. "B. HAWES.
"J. RUSSELL. "H. HALHAM.
"Palace of Westminster, June 23, 1858."

THE BARBERINI INSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—I am sorry to trouble you so soon with another letter on the famous Barberini Inscription relative to the Conquest of Britain; but, the Reverend Beale Poste having very kindly lent me his copy of Mr. C. Roach Smith's "Collectanea Antiqua," Vol. V., Part 2, a work "not pub-

lished," but "printed for subscribers only," London, 1858, I think it necessary to make a few supplemental remarks. On reading the part of Mr. F. W. Fairholt's letter at pp. 92-94, I regret to find several inaccuracies.

The short inscription, as copied by Wright and by myself, was again transcribed in 1856 by Mr. Fairholt, who observed it in the same place—the courtyard of the Barberini Palace—as I did in 1826; although at that time I certainly did not notice any cracks or joinings in it. The woodcut, as given at p. 92, shows three perpendicular lines; one entirely down the centre, that exactly divides the tablet, 18 feet in width, into two halves, each of 9 feet; and the other two lines, which are only apparent at the top and bottom, if continued, would subdivide the left half nearly into two quarters; and at p. 93, Mr. Fairholt, describing the inscription, says, the first half "is again cut horizontally." Should not this last word be *vertically*? The inscription itself is correctly copied, with the exception of the last word, which I transcribed *subegerit*, not "subgerit." The first line at p. 93 is also incorrect; for the true and ancient "large piece (not two pieces) of marble," as Martinelli expressly calls it, "*un piestone di marmo*," was found in 1641 (not 1461) in some diggings in the *Sciarra Place*—"Piazza di Sciarra." Likewise, the mistake about *which* half of the true inscription was *ancient*, occurred with Alexander Donatus, whose account Wright followed in his "Addenda," and which was continued by his transcribers, until I corrected it in 1836, from Martinelli's work in Italian.

Again, as to the *seeming impossibility* of the square shape of the inscription, I must observe that I originally (Trans. Royal Soc. Lit., Vol. III., p. 264, 1st Series) maintained "that the inscription when *entire* would form *nearly a square*." In my restored inscription, No. V., p. 265, my own "conjectural reading of the latter half" can hardly be termed "too verbose," and too long for "the space allowable," as mentioned at p. 94; nor did I for a moment construct it with the "idea that the lines are *irregular* in a great degree," but just the *contrary*.

Further, Mr. Fairholt continues inaccurately to say (p. 94) that "the mark over the V. in line four has been omitted by all writers." This is by no means a *fact*, as a reference to my copy, No. I. (*ibid.* p. 245), and to Wright's "Observations," Vol. I., p. 293, will determine; but he is correct as regards Mr. Poste's copies in his "Britannic Researches," pp. 347, 348, 349.

I must add, however, that there are no lines above the numerals IX. and XVI., only over the V., as published in the transcripts of Wright and Mr. Fairholt, whereas in my No. I., lines are given over all of them. Being two to one, I conclude that on this subject I am in error, and which I cannot now decide; since the copy in pencil, which I wrote down at the time of my visit in 1826, is contained in my MS. Journal at present in my chambers in London. Supposing that I am wrong in having so placed them, that above the V. may be regarded as an additional proof of the *authenticity* of the first half of the inscription, thereby showing the great and proper accuracy of the original. And in respect of "the very important letter" which commences the second word in the eighth line of the true inscription, I have shown from Roman authors that it is not a B, but an E.

I must now notice an observation or two which Mr. Roach Smith has made on Mr. Fairholt's letter, in the same work, p. 107. First, he seems to prefer "the Cos. V. Imp. XVI. of the reading proposed by the antiquaries of Rome," but this formula I have demonstrated in my first memoir (pp. 253 and 267) to be erroneous, and unsupported by any monumental authority. And secondly, the expression in the last line, which was first published by Orelli in 1823, namely, "*in ditionem*," is, I quite agree with Mr. Smith, "a happy," and I have not the slightest doubt, true "reading." According to Mr. Poste it "is warranted by classical authority." I cannot at this moment bear in mind any exact passage wherein it is used, but the well-known "*Deditio*

formula," in Livy (Lib. I., cap. 38), contains these words—"in meam Populique Romani ditionem," yet I find in Cicero (Phil. IV., 5) the expression, "in ditionem redigere" occurs, which in fact is very nearly the same. And I may state that in my "Supplemental Note," published in Trans. R. S. Lit., Vol. IV. p. 90 (2nd Series), I would substitute the following:—

PRIMVS IN DICIONem Imp. R. redegit.
for the last line of my restored Inscription, No. V.
I remain, sir,

Yours truly,
JOHN HOGG.

Norton House, Stockton-on-Tees,
Aug. 27, 1858.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

It was only in the early part of this week that we became acquainted with the mode in which our cousins on the other side the Atlantic have celebrated the completion of the cable. The whole republic from one end to the other, east, west, north, and south, seemed to rise with one shout of exuberant joy at an event which augurs so much good to the human race: and the general sentiment was in full accordance with the suggestions of the President in his reply to the message of Her Majesty, that the cable should be held sacred, even in the midst of hostilities.

The civic celebrations in New York began on the 10th of August, and were continued for one or two days. The following description of them is from an English spectator:—

"During the day salutes of artillery were fired and the church bells rung. The chimes of Trinity toned 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'God save the Queen,' and there were other demonstrations which I was not able to see. I shall only undertake to describe such illuminations and fireworks as I was able to see in the evening. About half-past 7 I started from Thirty-second Street to walk down Broadway, a distance of three miles from the Battery, Broadway being a single street stretching the whole distance. For the first mile I saw few signs of the gala; here and there an hotel displayed candles in the windows—nothing more. A drifting cloud from the south-east, with sharp, vivid lightning, had been for some time lingering in the horizon, threatening for the moment an illumination worthy of the event, but had passed away leaving only bright stars above. The current of people thickened as we walked down, till at a point about two miles above the Battery we became wedged in a solid mass of moving men and women. There were few mottoes (I saw none of much point; all were glorifying Mr. Field), and none of the ornamental lights of gas with which European streets are decorated in times of illumination. But in place of them candles were arranged in fanciful forms in the windows, and huge transparencies with allegorical figures and mottoes, Drummond lights, and fireworks more than made up the deficiency. In these they sometimes had a judicious eye to the profits. One egotistical vendor of perfumes represented Her Majesty upon one side of the ocean and himself upon the other giving her a bottle of some new scent. A large dry goods warehouse, with a noble marble front, equalling in magnificence anything upon the grand canal of Venice, illuminated its deeply recessed windows with variegated lights. The Astor House, a large hotel, was perhaps the most elaborately got up building. Every window blazed with light, cannon thundered a salute from the roof, and along the whole line of its lofty granite front a gigantic display of fire-works commemorated the 'Atlantic Telegraph, August 5, 1858.' The roof of the City-hall was extemporised into a volcano, from which for half an hour was belched forth a succession of rockets, serpents, and every known form of gunpowder ornament, with an infinite variety and beauty of colour; and the display ended by turning its

whole facade into a blaze of glory of real beauty. More remarkable, however, than the tall marble buildings in this part of the town, which, from their deep cellars to their sixth stories, shone in sheets of light, were the people, who for more than two miles lined the wide *trottoirs* of the street in solid mass, without disorder and without, so far as I heard, a loud word.

"Escaping from town, we took the ferry to Hoboken, and galloped up the Weehauken cliffs to see the *coup d'œil*. The whole sky along the line of the town was alive with fireworks. On the ends of many of the piers jutting out among the shipping tar barrels were burning, throwing a bright light on the red brick houses behind them, and magnifying in the shadow the spars and rigging of the vessels in the docks or in the stream. The streets of Jersey City and Hoboken were bright with the fire of many blazing barrels. The distant shores of Long Island, and even the hills of Staten Island, were manifesting their interest in the scene by sending up from the scattered villas here and there a rocket; and before we turned away a black cloud in the south-west began to discharge its sheets of electric fire,—grander, brighter, and more appropriate than any of the mimic manifestations that we had just been admiring so much; and, lastly, to make the day still more memorable, after midnight had quieted the streets of the town, the roof and cupola of the City-hall broke out in sheets of flame, and the upper part of that fine building is in ruins."

The subsequent proceedings, which deserve to be permanently recorded, we copy almost entire from the New York journals:—

"On the evening of the 20th the residence of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, No. 84, East Twenty-first Street, corner of Lexington Avenue, and the adjoining house, that of his brother, Mr. David Dudley Field, were crowded to the utmost with prominent citizens, including all the civic authorities, the clergy in town, the authorities of the University and Columbia College, the European Consul, together with Captain Hudson and an escort of the officers of the *Niagara*, including Mr. Everett and the English electrician (Mr. Woodhouse), with the Russian Aide-de-Camp (Baron Boye). In short, for about three hours Mr. Field stood at his door and received the select and elect of the city who flowed by him like a torrent. His house and his brother's house were filled to overflowing, and when no more could be admitted the applicants for admission thronged the road outside until a crowd of several thousands were attracted. The Young Men's Democratic Union Club, accompanied by a choice band, also arrived to serenade Mr. Field and his visitors. Mr. Field, being vociferously summoned by the outside crowd, appeared on his balcony and introduced Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, who was received by three as hearty cheers as ever greeted the ears of man in New York.

"The Captain, after returning thanks for the honour, reminded his audience that there were others who did much towards the success of the enterprise who seemed to be overlooked. He thought that if the American officers were in England their services would not be overlooked, and he hoped that Americans would be equally generous. He said that Mr. Woodhouse, an English gentleman, who had done much towards the success of the enterprise, had been there that night, and he hoped they would duly honour him.

"Mr. Field resumed his remarks, and said that Mr. Woodhouse was as modest as he was meritorious, and that, though he had been present, he had retired to his hotel the Brevoort House. He hoped that he would be followed there, and shown how American citizens could honour worth. (Applause.)

"Captain Hudson again took up the word, and said that they had talked a good deal about themselves, but that the success of the enterprise was really due as much to the officers of the British as of the American navy. There had been no difference known between them in that respect. There had been nothing left undone by the English

people to aid them, and he was sorry to think that Americans had got such credit while their brethren across the water were forgotten. (Applause, and three cheers for Queen Victoria.)

"Mr. Everett was loudly called for, and spoke in the same strain as Captain Hudson, and called for a manifestation of American feeling in honour of Mr. Woodhouse.

"Mr. Cyrus W. Field (to the serenaders).—'Will you do me the favour to go to the Brevoort House, in the Fifth Avenue, and welcome the Englishman as Americans only can do?' (Cries of 'We will, we will,' and calls for Mayor Tiemann.)

"The Mayor presented himself at another balcony window in answer to the call. He said, in a humorous manner, that when the Lord Mayor of London learned by the telegraph of the illuminations they had in New York, and of even the burning of the City-hall, he ordered the Mansion-house and the Houses of Parliament to be set fire to. (Laughter.) He also asked them to go to the Brevoort House and serenade Mr. Woodhouse.

"Mr. David Dudley Field, in response to calls for him, said,—'All has been said that can interest you to-night. For myself, I have only to say that I think there can be no doubt that when the history of this expedition is written, as it will be written, due honour will be rendered to every man who took part in it, from the highest to the lowest, whether English or American. We all know—I know, if nobody else does—to whom the chief merit is due, and it would be idle affectation in me to deny that I know it. I know also that after him—for I allude to my brother (Cheers)—the two navies of England and America, now for the first time united in peace as they have heretofore met in war—never again to meet in war, I trust—stroke which should do the most, and the scientific men of both countries were rivals. They together did it. The praise is neither English nor American. It is English and American, American and English. (Loud cheers.) For my own part, I envy not the man, whatever may be his birthplace, or whatever may be his feelings in regard to any nation, who can without emotion picture to his mind the spectacle of these two great ships meeting in mid ocean on that 29th of July under their respective flags, and, although they were made for war, joining their hands in peace, and starting, one for its own country and the other for its country. It was a spectacle which future history will regard as the greatest which the world has ever yet seen since history began. (Applause.) Now let me reiterate the request which my brother has made to you, that we may show, that we, as Americans, do what we know Englishmen would do for us—honour that illustrious Englishman who has no superior in his own profession, and whose modesty is as great as his worth. (Applause.) He has retired to his lodgings, partly because he was unwilling to participate in any public demonstration. Go, gentlemen, I beg of you, to honour him.'

"There were three cheers given for Woodhouse, and several cheers for Cyrus Field, for Captain Hudson, for the *Niagara*, and for Mr. Everett, and then the club proceeded to the Brevoort House, corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, when the band struck up the national airs, and the members of the club, together with the citizens who joined in the procession, made loud calls for Mr. Woodhouse. He promptly obeyed, and on appearing on the balcony was greeted with loud cheers. After silence was restored, he said, 'Gentlemen, I thank you very much for the honour you have done me in associating my name with those of your own respected countrymen who were engaged in the Atlantic telegraph expedition, which has terminated so gloriously. It is difficult for me to speak of my own doings; but this I will say, that I try to do my duty at all times and under all circumstances. To your own countryman, Mr. Everett, the bulk of the praise is due. (Loud cheers.) The machine which he had the honour of contriving is perfect, and worked well during the heavy weather experienced by the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*. No doubt but we had many arduous nights and anxious fears; but while I remember those anxious fears I shall remember the kindness which I received on board

the *Niagara* from first to last. Captain Hudson, and, indeed, all the officers, treated me with the utmost kindness, and acted as friends and brothers should act. I am very glad of this opportunity of acknowledging that fact. I will now, in conclusion, simply express a hope that the Atlantic telegraph cable may prove a rope that will bind the two powerful nations together, now so closely united by language and the bonds of friendship. (Great applause.)

"Three cheers were proposed for Mr. Woodhouse, which were given with great gusto, after which

"Mr. E. O. Perrin and other gentlemen addressed the crowd, dwelling upon the great achievement which the officers of both ships had been the means of effecting.

"Captain Kell, one of the most popular officers of the *Niagara* was called for, as well as a number of other gentlemen connected with the expedition. As soon as the speakers had concluded, the club gave several hearty rounds of cheers for Mr. Woodhouse and the officers of the *Agamemnon*, and formed in procession, whereupon the distinguished Englishman vacated the balcony and repaired to seek 'Nature's sweet restorer—balm sleep.'

"It was the intention of Lord Napier to have been present on this occasion, but he was prevented by a summons to Washington. His Lordship, however, had promised to be present at the great celebration which was fixed for the 1st of September, and for which the most extensive arrangements were in preparation."

The laying of the cable was celebrated in Dublin on Wednesday, at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor. This, the greatest triumph of modern science, was to have gathered round the civic board men of all parties and creeds; but the presence of Cardinal Wiseman, who is making a progress through the island, appears to have constrained the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, and some other public functionaries. The Cardinal thus became the undisputed lion of the evening. The healths of Mr. Charles Bright and his scientific associates were received with great applause. Then came the Cardinal's turn, and in proposing the Lord Mayor's health, he thus referred to this wonderful enterprise:—

"The Lord Mayor has reason to congratulate himself that his year of office has been signalled by the accomplishment of that great enterprise which has procured for us this evening one of the most admirable specimens of simple and modest eloquence (applause), that really unassuming and truthful narrative, which has told us so much that we were unacquainted with, at the same time that it has been disencumbered of all that could be personal or presumptuous (hear), and has advanced tenfold in our estimation—for the merit of modesty is beyond that of genius—that which we had in our hearts allotted to Mr. Bright. (Applause.) You will pardon me if I indulge in a few obvious reflections suggested by this wonderful work. Hitherto there seems to have been above earth but little or no obstacle to the enterprise of man; and yet man has often been baulked in his attempts to pass from one land to another. In his panting impatience to communicate with his fellow-man wherever he might be found, or in obedience to that supreme law which commands him to go forth and people the earth, he has endeavoured to track his way to its remotest regions; he has dived into the darkest of its valleys, and there groped his way amid the stones of the torrent to create a path beyond the chains of mountains that seemed to shut him in. He has climbed as high as it was possible for all his breathless vigour to bear him, until at length he came to the snow-built pyramids on the summit of the mountain of the impassable glacier; and then he turned his flank, and with wonderful perseverance he made his way into the opposite region; but who ever thought till now of at once plunging into the very

depths of the ocean, without the power of seeing a single step beyond him, almost beyond the power of the fathoming line to reach, to a depth, as we have been told, as great as the height of the highest mountains explored by a few above the earth? And then he had ventured to trace his path, and had stretched it, without deviation, and without yielding, to the most formidable obstacles. He has made that path to bury itself deep into the very undermost of the valleys of that unseen region; he has made it to ascend its steepest paths—to cross its highest mountains—to pass down again, and then, by an effort of perseverance, the like of which the world has never witnessed, the two continents have been moored safe to one another—moored so safe by this little metallic hawser as no other power, no amount of inky blots and rotten parchment bonds, or protocols or treaties, could ever have done. (Loud cheers.) And what is the result of this? Why, the Greek used to boast of his fire, which would burn under the sea, and which, attracted to the keel of a ship, would destroy it in the midst of the ocean; and we know how the power of electricity has been similarly employed to explode mines high into the air and cause the sacrifice of hundreds of human lives. But this little spark which we are now sending under the ocean—this flash of lightning which passes from shore to shore—this fire which burns there inextinguishably, may truly be considered, if it were not too sacred an expression to use—to be the bond of that love and of that charity between the two nations of which the sacred text says, that 'Many waters shall not extinguish it, and many floods shall not overwhelm it.' (Cheers.) Yes; I have no hesitation in saying that it is time now for the American eagle to let go those lightnings which it is represented as grasping in its talons, and let them drop into the ocean, and they will cross it safely and come to us, not accompanied with any manner of thunder, but speaking the words of softness and of peace. While this graver aspect of things comes naturally to the mind, there is one which presents itself to me that I cannot forbear to linger on with more of tenderness and love. I can imagine a poor mother in the west of Ireland—a poor Galway or Mayo peasant, who had sent her stalwart sons, the promise of her old age, far away as emigrants to those distant regions to gather the gold, not what nature has cast broadcast on the land, but that which honest industry reaps from it; and I can imagine her, when perhaps the day of her widowhood has come, sitting on the farthest crag that juts into the Atlantic, no longer contemplating that waste of waters as a desolate wilderness which separates her from those she loves, but as a means of instant communication with them, as a way of making known to them her joys and her distresses, and of receiving back in a few hours words of consolation and of promise. It will unite the hearts of many now estranged, and, though it may look rather chimerical to consider instances of this individual reciprocal communication as of frequent or of common every-day occurrence, yet it will sweeten the bitterness of separation, and make emigration no longer exile. (Applause.) It will prevent the severing of one from the other resulting in a loss of kindred feeling, and it will renew the affections of life. (Applause.) When those who are in Canada, in the wastes of the north, or buried in the forests of the west, know day by day how the sun is shining or the earth is looking in their own native land—when they know, as if they were on the spot, what measures of improvement are before the Legislature and before the people; when they know, on the other hand, that at home all the prospects of their adopted country are known—the promises of the harvest, the state of commerce, and the improvements of society, and that, in fact, the communication between the two countries is no longer a matter of weeks, or of months, as formerly, but of days and hours—a much closer bond of union will be formed than was imagined by those persons who believed that, by looking at the same sun, or moon, or star, at the same hour, they were brought into

communion one with another. It is therefore a matter of great pride that this island has been chosen by Divine Providence as the means of this most happy communication—of this binding of nations and worlds in bonds which we may trust will be of irrevocable and indissoluble peace. It is no small pride for it to have seen the most splendidly successful application of the most magnificent of those gifts of science and genius which God has given for a blessing and an honour to this age; that after so many years of sorrow and suffering, of calamities of every sort, of famine and disease, this glory should have been given as a recompense to this noble land, (Cheers.) I congratulate you that you have been this evening united and associated with the noble engineer who has performed an act so truly honourable to the whole nation; and that this has been done under the auspices of your Lord Mayor, to whom has been appropriately reserved the honour of celebrating in a public manner this great achievement." (Loud applause.)

It is stated in one of the public journals that Mr. Bright is, for this great achievement, shortly to receive the honour of knighthood at the hands of her Majesty; and the *New York Times* states that, owing to impaired health, Mr. Field has been compelled to resign his post as active manager of the Company in America.

Meanwhile, letters of great interest occasionally appear in the public papers, narrating various incidents during the progress of laying the cable. The following paragraph, from an officer serving on board the *Gorgon*, describes the landing in Trinity Bay, and some of its collateral circumstances, in a way that will interest our readers:—

"Thursday, 5th, 2 a.m.—Ships anchored at the head of Bull's arm Bay, having payed out since the cable was spliced on the 29th of July, 1016 miles, 600 fathoms in a distance of 882 miles, equal to a loss of about 15 per cent. The *Agamemnon* signalled she had payed out 1010 miles of cable. At 5 o'clock, a.m., boats were lowered, and accompanied by nearly all the officers and a great number of the crews of the ships the cable was safely landed. By 6 o'clock the cable was in the telegraph station, and was no sooner connected with the instruments than a current of electricity was received from the *Agamemnon's* end. The landing had been performed without any cheers; officers and men fell in, in two rows, with the cable between them—the chiefs of the expedition in the van; it was thus dragged, or rather carried, to the station. Men now looked at one another as if they could scarcely realise the fact of the great work being accomplished. On every face the most intense relief and delight was depicted, and all felt it was now their duty to offer up their tribute of prayer and praise to that Supreme Power who had hitherto guided and blessed their efforts. All being assembled in front of the station, Captain Hudson delivered a short address, impressing on his hearers that the glory belonged not unto them, but unto Him who rules the raging of the sea, and holds the water in the hollow of his hand. Prayers and psalms of thanksgiving were then read, after which all returned to the beach. Three such cheers now burst forth as none but English and American sailors can give; the hills and woods around echoed again and again, the crews of the ships joining in. The *Gorgon* fired a Royal salute of 21 guns, with American and English ensigns at her mastheads."

Thus terminates this "strange eventful history" for the present. We now await the particulars of the great American demonstration on the 1st inst., when we shall hear what the British Minister at Washington has said on the subject.

The Universal Exhibition of Industry which was to have taken place at Vienna in 1859 has been put off to an indefinite period.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—About the musical performances there remains little more to say. The evening concerts at the Shire Hall were none of them well attended, though the last was luckier than its predecessors. The programmes were of that desultory character which, though attractive to persons unaccustomed to such entertainments, and unfamiliar with those who take part in them, is to real amateurs a decided bore. All the singers named last week took part in them; and for the purpose of grouping such varied talent around some central point of interest, there was every evening a selection from an opera. On Tuesday it was Mozart's *Clemenza*, on Wednesday Donizetti's *Lucio*, and on Thursday Rossini's *Semiramide*. The most successful of these selections, and deservedly so, was *La Clemenza di Tito*. At the first concert there was a symphony—Mozart's *Jupiter*, which went remarkably well; and on Thursday another—Beethoven's *C minor*, which went remarkably ill. No instrumental solo was introduced at any of the concerts—about which, by the way, such detailed reports have appeared in the columns of your morning contemporaries that it is unnecessary for me to add anything.

The *Messiah*, as usual, drew its thousands to the cathedral, and, as usual, was far better executed than the other oratorios. The collection at the doors, too, was larger than on either of the previous days, but by no means so large as might have been expected from an assembly that filled the sacred edifice to the walls. The following is a *resumé* of what (*en attendant* a few expected contributions from influential quarters) will accrue to the fund of the widows and orphans on account of the 125th meeting of the "Three Choirs."

	£	s.	d.
Tuesday	120	10	0
Wednesday	181	7	0
Thursday	173	7	0
Friday	262	10	0
Total	£737	14	0

At the last festival (in 1855) 871*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.* was collected, so that if the donations that remain to be added are tolerably liberal, the falling off will not be quite so great as had been anticipated from the most inauspicious beginning of a Hereford music-meeting in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The dress ball in the Shire Hall was prosperous. Between 200 and 300 attended, and the show of beauty was worthy the fame of the three counties. The dancing was kept up with eagerness till a very late hour; and the music, directed by Mr. E. Stanhope Jones (of London) was good.

You will no doubt have read in the London papers that a feeling against Dean Dawes, "the man that hath not music in his soul," has been manifested by the townspeople in a marked and spirited manner. The first placard found posted on the doors of the Deanery—"THESE PREMISES TO BE LET DURING FESTIVAL WEEK,"—was followed the day after by another, which is worth putting in a frame:—

"HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—To be let, the Deanery, ready furnished. Any parties taking the same will receive the Dean's salary—200*l.*—and must keep OPEN HOUSE for the nourishment and entertainment of their friends. No twopenny beer, or cider."

In conclusion, I may add that this music-meeting has increased the general esteem for the Bishop of the diocese, and brought the Dean and his parasites into the Chapter into universal discredit. It is everywhere believed that, owing to the superb weather, the railroad facilities, and other favourable agencies, but for the marked opposition of Dean Dawes, the Festival of 1858 would have been even more successful than that of 1855. That it took place at all was owing to the indefatigable and praiseworthy zeal of Mr. Townshend Smith, the cathedral organist, upon whose exertions it will depend whether Hereford re-appears in the lists three years hence, or whether

the union of the choirs, which has lasted for a century and a quarter, shall be dissolved, and an admirable charity be injured, for the satisfaction of a bigoted, parsimonious, and illogical ecclesiastic. N. M. S.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—In consequence of the hitherto unexplained non-delivery of a packet from the special correspondent who has attended the festival on the part of the *Literary Gazette*, we are compelled to avail ourselves, at the last moment, of the report furnished by the accomplished critic who attends to the musical department of the *Times*.

August 31.

The festival began to-day with a magnificent performance of *Elijah*. The ever-increasing attraction of this most genial and masterly of sacred lyric dramas was triumphantly shown by the crowded state of the Town Hall. Every seat was occupied; extra chairs were squeezed in wherever a foot of space could be obtained for them, and very many persons, sooner than be absent on such an interesting occasion, availed themselves of what standing room could, by the ingenuity of the polite and obliging gentlemen who actively officiate as "stewards," be devised, even in the most inconvenient nooks and corners. The *coup d'œil* thus presented was truly superb, and it was worth seeing for more reasons than one. The Birmingham people must have been delighted to witness the excitement created by the great work which their noble festival was the indirect means of giving to the world; the lovers of music for itself, and those who have an earnest faith in its importance as an element of civilisation, could not fail to recognise in the continued attraction of *Elijah* a sign of the progress which a taste for genuine art is making in this country; and, lastly, the friends and patrons of the General Hospital were cheered by so auspicious a commencement of the music-meeting, to which that charitable institution is so much beholden. A favourable change in the weather, too, no doubt had its part in a success almost unprecedented on the first day of the festival. The welcome sun smiled on the inauguration of the 27th triennial anniversary, and, cheered by its influence, all Birmingham was out of doors. Barriers, as usual, were constructed on both sides of the road from the bottom of New-street to the extremity of the Town-hall, so that private and public vehicles were able to pass regularly and unmolested. So efficient, moreover, were the police arrangements that large and "mixed" as was the crowd, not the slightest disturbance occurred. Precisely at the appointed hour, half-past 11, the President (Lord Dartmouth) and party—one of the chief guests being the Lord Chancellor—had occupied their places in front of the great gallery; and Mr. Costa waving his baton, the National Anthem was sung, with Madame Clara Novello as the solo singer, the whole audience standing. The oratorio then began.

Mr. Weiss having delivered the prophecy of three years' drought with befitting solemnity, the orchestral prelude which describes with such marvellous intensity the sufferings of the afflicted people, was played by the band with its accustomed excellence, notwithstanding that the movement here (as in other parts of the oratorio) was quicker than Mendelssohn intended. The chorus of the parched and thirsty multitude, into which the overture leads—"Help, Lord! wilt Thou quite destroy us?"—was wonderfully well given. Musical expression reaches its culminating-point in this piece; and it is only fair to add that the Birmingham singers realised all the gifted composer must have imagined while writing it. The choral recitative, "The deeps afford no water," in which the subject matter of the preceding is further developed in a manner peculiar to Mendelssohn, and of which the only marked precedent occurs in Handel's *Israel*, was well declaimed; and the contrast presented by the soprano duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands for aid," with which the lovely choral burden, "Lord bow down Thine ear to our prayer," is so exquisitely inter-

mingled, was thoroughly appreciated, Mdme. Castellon and Miss Dolby singing the plaintive strains of the Jewish maidens in their best manner. The recitative and air, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me," where Obadiah the preacher exhorts the people to continue in repentance and prayer, afforded Mr. Sims Reeves an opportunity of showing his mastery of the sacred style, of which he took full advantage, singing with a purity and at the same time fervour of expression impossible to surpass. By this time every one was satisfied that the performance would be worthy the reputation of Birmingham; nor was expectation frustrated, for although, narrowly scrutinised, it did not as a whole present the unassailable perfection universally remarked in 1855, it was such as has been heard nowhere else, and such as to impress every hearer with admiration. To allude in detail to each succeeding piece would of course be out of the question, and we have only dwelt on the earlier numbers because, though equal in their way to the rest of the oratorio, they are too frequently overlooked in the more immediately attractive splendour of the rest. All the choruses were given with superb energy, and even in "Hear, mighty God" (the second part of the opening invocation of the priests of Baal) and "Thanks be to God," both of which were taken at a rather inconvenient speed for the stringed instruments, the enthusiasm of singers and players surmounted every obstacle, and the effect was indescribable. "Thanks be to God" was repeated by desire of the President, who exercised the same right, by virtue of his office, as is claimed by and accorded to the bishop of the diocese at the festivals of the Three Choirs. It may seem hard, while the audience are forbidden by a sort of conventional etiquette to applaud, that the privilege of encoring should be conceded to one individual, however distinguished; but the custom is of long standing, and though many are inclined to question its justice, if not its propriety, there appears small likelihood of its ever being abolished. Lord Dartmouth, it must be owned, is not exorbitant in his demands. The only piece repeated in accordance with his wish, besides the chorus above-mentioned, was the air, "Oh rest in the Lord," which Miss Dolby (allowing for the somewhat exaggerated manner in which she protracted the final cadence) sang to perfection. The unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," irreproachably as it was given by Madame Novello, Madame Viardot, and Miss Dolby, was sung only once, Mr. Costa (very properly) making no pause at the termination, but proceeding at once with the chorus, "He watching over Israel"—precisely as Mendelssohn himself would have desired. The trio and chorus are parts of a whole, and should never be separated; but if an "encore" is absolutely required by the majority of the audience it should be asked for at the end of the chorus, and the repetition commence with the trio. The delicate execution of "He watching over Israel," by the way, was worthy of unqualified praise, and only matched by "Blessed are the men who fear Him," its sister-chorus in the first part and its equal in melodious beauty. Great as is the impression produced by the more massive and overpowering choruses in which this extraordinary work abounds, the genius of Mendelssohn and the ability of his exponents are demonstrated to quite as much advantage in these tranquil and soothing inspirations, which are scattered throughout the oratorio like bits of sunshine, and always make their appearance just at the moment when their serenely gentle character is best calculated to afford relief. The Birmingham choir is doubtless aware of this, and has bestowed a world of pains in bringing out all their nicest touches, and achieving that refinement of execution in the absence of which half their beauties are likely to escape observation.

The principal solo singers were all "up to the mark," and all did their best. Madame Novello, who shared with Madame Castellon the chief soprano music, sang "Hear ye Israel" admirably, as she always does; but her most striking performance was in the splendid quartet with chorus,

"Holy, holy," the finest musical embodiment of the "Sanctus" extant. Madame Castellani was more than usually successful in the duet with Elijah, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" imparting both sentiment and passion to the appeal of the bereaved widow. The contralto music was shared between Madame Viardot and Miss Dolby. Of the last we have spoken; and it is enough to say of Madame Viardot Garcia that she has rarely given the pathetic air, "Woe unto them that forsake him," with deeper feeling, or the denunciations of Jezebel with more earnest and dramatic emphasis. Mr. Sims Reeves not only sang his first air, as has already been recorded. "Then shall the righteous shine forth" was, if possible, even better. True, the latter lends itself more readily to what is termed "effect," and is more openly showy for the vocalist; but what calls for acknowledgment in Mr. Reeves is his entire forgetfulness of himself in the music, to which, without the slightest attempt at display, he imparts a warmth of expression which realises all that is meant to be conveyed, while it entirely satisfies the most fastidious taste. This is the perfection of sacred singing. We have never on any occasion heard Mr. Weiss give the difficult music of the Prophet more uniformly well. His recitatives were delivered with sustained excellence throughout, and every one of the airs was marked alike by intelligent reading and scrupulously careful execution. That even the subordinate parts were intrusted to competent hands was evinced in the beautiful double quartet, "For he shall give His angels charge," in which four of the principal singers (Messdames Castellani and Viardot, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Montem Smith) were most efficiently aided by Miss Poyzer (of Birmingham), Messrs. Walker, Barnby, and Smythson, from the Sacred Harmonic Society. As a specimen of concerted singing, almost as good in its way as "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," may be mentioned the quartet, "Cast thy burden before the Lord," by Madame Castellani, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith and Barnby. The band was beyond criticism, from the overture to the last chorus "Lord our Creator," which brings the oratorio to a climax with a power and majesty worthy of all that precedes it. In short, the day's performance of *Elijah*, if not altogether immaculate, was one long to remember with delight. How prosperous was the result may be seen by the following official account of the numbers attending and receipts:—

MORNING.—ELIJAH.

	Number attending.	Receipts.
£ s. d.		
President and Vice-Presidents, at 21s. each	309	324 9 0
Secured seats, 21s. each	1,115	1,170 15 0
Unsecured seats, 10s. 6d. each	680	304 10 0
Donations and collections		680 18 2
Passes		4 14 6
	2,004	£2,485 8 8

At the Festival of 1855, when *Elijah* was given, the numbers were 1,574 and the receipts 1,889l. 9s. 10d.

September 1.

That the immense concourse which the magic name "Mendelssohn" attracted to the Town Hall in the morning did not prejudice the interests of the concert in the evening may be gathered from the following official statement:—

FIRST MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

	Number attending.	Receipts.
£ s. d.		
President and Vice-Presidents, at 15s. each	60	45 0 0
Secured seats, at 15s. each	573	429 0 0
Unsecured seats, at 8s. each	419	167 12 0
		641 12 0
Total day's receipts		£3,126 18 8

It is notorious that the first evening concert is always the least attractive, which justified the friends and patrons of the festival in contemplating with more than ordinary satisfaction the imposing assembly of last night, when the Town Hall, splendidly lighted up, assumed a new and still more brilliant aspect. The programme is worth citing:

PART I.

Overture (Der Freyschütz) ...	Weber.
Duo—Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi—"Marinara" ...	Rossini.
Aria—Mme. Castellani—"Ah, fors' è lui" (Traviata) ...	Verdi.
Quartet—Mlle. Balfe, Miss Dolby, Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi (Rigoletto) ...	Verdi.
Cabaletta—Mme. Alboni—"In questo semple" (Betsy) ...	Donizetti.
Old English Song—Mr. Weiss—"As burns the charger" ...	Shield.
Duo—Mme. Viardot and Signor Ronconi—"Quanto amore" ...	Donizetti.
Aria—Mlle. Balfe—"Il soave e bel contento" ...	Pacini.
Solo con Coro—Signor Tamberlik—"Rè del ciel" ...	Meyerbeer.
Romance—Mme. Viardot, "Ah! mon Ferdinand" ...	Donizetti.
Trio—Mme. Castellani, Mme. Alboni, and Mr. Weiss (Cosi fan tutte) ...	Mozart.
Ballad, Miss Dolby, "The green trees whispere" ...	Balfe.
Overture (Siege of Corinth) ...	Rossini.

PART II.

Acis and Galatea (entire) ... Handel.
Principal singers Mme. Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti.

Happily there was only one "encore," the audience being relieved from the quasi-feudal despotism of the noble President, and exercising the right of applauding and re-demanding at discretion. The solitary distinction was bestowed upon the *Tyrolienne*, "In questo semple," sung with incomparable brilliancy and grace by Alboni, a prodigious favourite with the Birmingham public. Mr. Weiss, in the fine old song from Shield's *Robin Hood*, proved that he could sing genuine English music in the genuine English fashion; Signor Tamberlik's magnificent upper tones rang through the hall with grand effect in the impressive scene from the *Prophète*; Madame Viardot's consummate art was abundantly manifested in the romance from *La Favorita*; and Miss Dolby, in Mr. Balfe's expressive setting of the well-known stanzas by Longfellow, was heard with unqualified gratification. Mozart's delicious trio on the other hand was breathed rather than sung, perhaps intentionally, with a view to illustrate the meaning of the opening words, "Soave sia il vento." Nevertheless, Miss Dolby disdained to whisper "The green trees whispere," although she might have been excused, precisely on similar grounds. Mlle. Victoire Balfe created a highly favourable impression, and the liberal applause that followed the air from Pacini's *Niobe* (which Rubini first made famous) was most legitimately earned. One or two of the "cadenzas" introduced by this young lady were not only very original in themselves, but derived additional charm from the artistic and highly-finished manner in which they were executed. The comic duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was a triumph both for Mme. Viardot and Sig. Ronconi, who not merely sang it in the most effective manner, but acted it so well as to elicit repeated laughter and applause.

The performance of the *serenata*—or "masque," as it was originally called—was in every respect admirable, the cast of the principal personages being as efficient as possible. Mme. Clara Novello was *Galatea*, Mr. Sims Reeves *Acis*, Mr. Montem Smith *Damon*, and Sig. Belletti *Poliphemus*. In spite of the trammels of a foreign language the last-named gentleman declaimed "Oh ruddier than the cherry" with amazing volubility and spirit. Mme. Novello gave the songs of the half-coquettish shepherdess with unrivalled vocal purity, but scarcely with warmth enough; Mr. Montem Smith was careful and correct in the music of *Damon*; and Mr. Sims Reeves, who appeared determined to figure as the hero of this festival, more than realised the expectations that had been formed of his *Acis*. His "Where shall I seek?" and "Love in her eyes" were as faultlessly expressive as his "Love sounds the alarm" was energetic and powerful. At the end of the last-mentioned air the entire chorus and orchestra joined with the audience in a burst of applause as spontaneous as it was hearty and general.

We have only time to add a few words about the very successful reproduction of Mr. Costa's

Eli this morning. Nothing could have been more flattering to the popular conductor and composer than the reception he experienced, both at the beginning and end of his oratorio, unless, indeed, the proof of high esteem afforded him by the vocal and instrumental performers, principal singers included, in the uniform excellence of their performance, which we have never heard surpassed.

That the hall was well attended, and the receipts satisfactory, the following will show:—

ELLI.

	Number attending.	Receipts.
£ s. d.		
President and Vice-Presidents at 21s. each	186	195 6 0
Secured seats, 21s. each	566	594 8 0
Unsecured seats, 10s. 6d. each	341	179 0 6
Donations and collections		253 4 6
Passes		1 1 0
Total	1,093	1,222 18 0

September 2.

The second miscellaneous concert, which took place yesterday evening, was better attended than the first, and the receipts were in proportion, the numbers attending being 2259, and the total day's receipts 1937l. 16s.

PART I.

Aria—Sig. Ronconi, "Largo al factotum" ...	Rossini.
Trio—Mlle. Balfe, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Montem Smith, "Ti prego, O madre pia" ...	Curschmann.
Brindisi—Mme. Alboni, "Il segreto" ...	Donizetti.
Trio—Mme. Castellani, Mme. Viardot, and Mr. Weiss (Semiramide) ...	Rossini.
Aria—Sig. Tamberlik, "Gentil sembiante" (Zampa) ...	Herold.
Duo—Mme. Novello and Mme. Alboni (Tancredi) ...	Rossini.
Ballad—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Rose of the Morn" ...	Frank Mori.
Duo—Mme. Viardot and Sig. Belletti, "Di capricci" ...	Rossini.
Air—Mme. Castellani (Vèpres Siciliennes) ...	Verdi.
Song—Mr. Weiss, "Mad Tom" ...	Parcell.

The above was only the first course of delicacies (chiefly southern) with which the audience were regaled. Passing over the graphic and inimitable "Largo al factotum" of Ronconi, and the pretty trio of Curschmann—who might have written still better had he lived longer—we come to the drinking song of Maffeo Orsini, which enabled the universally popular Alboni to achieve a triumph no less complete than that of the previous evening. The trio from *Semiramide* ("L'usato ardir") requires the stage to make it effective; and Signor Tamberlik might plead the same excuse for the lyric recapitulation of Zampa's exploits, although his performance of this very trying piece was too strikingly good to need any apology whatever. Mr. Frank Mori's new ballad is graceful, and Mr. Sims Reeves sang it as he has been singing everything else during the present festival. The *bolero* from Verdi's French opera ("Merci jeunes amies") was composed for the exceptional voice of Mademoiselle Sophie Cruvelli, and it was therefore the more to Madame Castellani's credit that she gave it with such ease and fluency. "Mad Tom" is always welcome when sung by Mr. Weiss, who, both in the declamatory passages and those which mainly depend upon vocal fluency is entirely master of his subject; he never sang it better than on the present occasion. The two duets of Rossini were masterly examples of the genuine Italian school of vocalisation; that from *Matilda di Shabran* (by Madame Viardot and Signor Belletti) was faultless; and that from *Tancredi* (by Messdames Novello and Alboni) would have been no less so but for the unaccountable omission of the *cadenza*, which, when well sung, is always effective.

The *pot-pourri* thus cursorily analysed was followed by a composition which had little or nothing in common with any part of it. This was Schiller's noble address to "the Sons of Art," wedded to noble strains of harmony by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and first performed in 1846, under the direction of its composer, at a meeting of the vocal choirs of Germany and Flanders, held in Cologne. The *cantata* is written for male voices with accompaniments of brass instruments, and is marked throughout by the

utmost vigour and simplicity of style. Of course there were not in the Birmingham Town-hall 2,500 voices, as when it was performed out of doors in the city of the Three Kings; nevertheless, the Birmingham singers were admirable in every respect, and the players on brass to match, while the solos were heard to the greatest possible advantage. And now for the second course of delicacies (chiefly southern) with which the audience were regaled:—

PART II.

Song—M ^{me} . Novello, "The beating of my own heart" ...	Macfarren.
Duo—M ^{me} . Castellani and Sig. Belletti, "Quel Sepolcro" ...	Paer.
Cavatina—M ^{lle} . Balfe, "Di pianto" ...	Rossini.
Duo—M ^{me} . Albani and Sig. Ronconi, "Sena tanti complimenti" ...	Donizetti.
Aria—M ^{me} . Viardot, "Pensa alla patria" ...	Rossini.
Duet—Miss Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves, "The Memories" ...	Lindsay Sloper.
Aria—Sig. Belletti, "Di militari onori" ...	Spohr.
Duo—Signori Tamberlik and Ronconi, "Non m'inganno" (Otello) ...	Rossini.
Aria—Miss Dolby—"Quando miro" ...	Mozart.
Coro con Soli—M ^{me} . Novello, M ^{lle} . Balfe, and Miss Dolby, "La Carità" ...	Rossini.
Overture—(Zampa) ...	Herold.

M^{lle}. Victoire Balfe more than confirmed the good impression she had produced at the first concert. Her execution of the brilliant cavatina from *La Gazza Ladra* was perfect in its way. The embellishments were sparing, always elegant, always in keeping, and always introduced with the best taste. A good sign also should be noticed, as being further calculated to encourage hopes of this young lady's future career. M^{lle}. Balfe's voice has gained in strength, and that in proportion to the advance she is evidently making towards perfection in her art. The duets from Paer's *Agnese*, Donizetti's *Burgomastro*, and Rossini's *Otello* are all effective and dramatic; but the only one well suited to a concert-room is the comic effusion of Donizetti, which could hardly have been more fortunate than in the hands of such genuine artists as Albani and Ronconi. M^{me}. Viardot's surprising versatility has often been the theme of remark; she is a mistress of every school, and as thoroughly at home in such florid airs as that from Rossini's *Italiana* as in the arduous music of Meyerbeer, the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, the French "chanson," the Spanish national melody, and the romantic ballads of Schubert. Her repertory is almost inexhaustible, and, what is more, she brings a characteristic sentiment to all these various styles which proves her intimate acquaintance with their essential characteristics. "Pensa alla patria" is invariably one of Madame Viardot's most striking performances, just as the martial song from Spohr's *Jessonda* is peculiarly suited to Signor Belletti, and Mozart's most beautiful "Quando miro" to Miss Dolby; but unhappily all three came much too late in the evening to obtain the warm appreciation which is their due. The graceful trio, with choros, of Rossini, though sung to perfection by Madame Novello, Mademoiselle Balfe, and Miss Dolby, laboured under the same disadvantage; and the overture to *Zampa*, played with amazing spirit by the band, for this reason alone escaped the "encore" which otherwise could not fail to have been elicited by such a fine performance. Thus terminated a concert which delighted everybody, and, with a few judicious curtailments in the programme, would have tired nobody.

To-day *The Messiah*, an oratorio which is as often the saving clause of unsuccessful music-meetings as it is the culminating point of those that have prospered from the beginning—was performed in a manner that for the most part defies criticism, and before such an audience as we have rarely seen congregated in any public building. It seemed impossible on Tuesday morning to find space to accommodate more persons than were assembled to hear *Elijah*; but the official bulletin shows an increase of 266 in the numbers, and of 304*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* in the receipts:—

THURSDAY MORNING.—MESSIAH.

	Number attending.	Receipts. £ s. d.
President and Vice-Presidents, at 2 <i>l.</i> each ...	394	413 14 0
Secured seats, 2 <i>l.</i> each ...	1876	1968 16 0
Donations and collections ...	—	405 15 0
	2270	£2789 5 0

The principal vocal parts in *The Messiah* were, on the whole, effectively distributed. Madame Clara Novello sang the whole of the soprano music in the first and third parts, including "Rejoice greatly," "Come unto Him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" to Madame Castellani was allotted, not only the soprano air, "How beautiful are the feet," but "Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," which properly belongs to the tenor voice; Madame Viardot Garcia and Miss Dolby shared the contralto music between them, the former being intrusted with "Oh thou that tellest glad tidings in Zion," and "He shall feed His flock," the latter with "But who shall abide the day of His coming?" and "He was despised." The bass music was also divided, Signor Belletti taking "For behold, darkness," and "The trumpet shall sound" (in which Mr. T. Harper's trumpet-playing was as usual incomparable), Mr. Weiss "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and to conclude with the most satisfactory arrangement of all, the tenor music was exclusively committed to Mr. Sims Reeves, a worthy partner for whom in *The Messiah* it would be difficult to find, and who thus sang, "Comfort ye my people," the recitatives and airs of the "Passion," and "Thou shalt break them." The solo performances gave unbounded satisfaction, a satisfaction further enhanced by the magnificent execution of the choruses, two of which, "Hallelujah" and "Amen" (the respective climaxes of the first and last great divisions of the oratorio), were repeated by "command" of Lord Dartmouth, the President, in accordance with the unanimous desire of the audience.

All other and more regular theatrical enterprises being in abeyance or in that flickering state of nightly benefit performances which precedes their close, the Lyceum still monopolises the attention of criticism, but this time under a new master, for managers succeed each other at this house as rapidly as emperor trod on emperor's heel in the latter days of Rome; and the symptom in this case, as in the other, is we much fear equally indicative of decadence and the impending triumph of barbarism. Mr. Webster's rule survived not the third or fourth treasury day, and Mr. Falconer reigneth in his stead. It will be remembered that a gentleman of that name attracted attention to himself as the author of a serious drama of considerable power, entitled the *Cago*, produced under Mr. Dillon's management in this same theatre. The successful aspirant to dramatic fame of then, and the adventurous seeker after the slippery advantages of manager-ship of now, are one and the same individual. One certain good, however, has already come of the assumption of power whatever in the end may follow. Mr. Falconer has had an opportunity which otherwise might have been long wanting, of again appealing to the public taste as a writer of plays. The first act of his management has been the production of a bran new comedy, "A thing of his own," with the portentous title of *Extremes, or Men of the Day*.

Accepting the promise of the title, it was natural to look, especially from an almost untried, though evidently ambitious hand, for a gallant attempt at a faithful portraiture of living types of character, fresh with the direct inspiration of the very air of the times, and flatly contradicting the fantastic theorists who find the age absolutely deficient in the elements of dramatic interest. To visit the Lyceum Theatre with any such flattering hopes, witnessing the inauguration of a regenerating influence, is—let it at once be declared—to prepare one's self a grievous disappointment. But for an allusion here and there to material facts belonging to modern days alone, the work might have been costumed to suit any period from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of Victoria.

In a few words, the characters who work out the interest of the tale are mere stage abstractions, proceeding from not even the most superficial study of actual beings whom we see or associate with, and the tale which is told is rather the suggestion of much play-book reading than the creation of an inventive fancy, exerted on the materials of the social around us. On the other hand, taking the production for what it is, rather than what it pretends to be, it is a very fair specimen of ability in working up, under modified shapes, the staple incidents and personages of the modern drama, while there is a certain impression of earnestness and sincerity pervading the more serious portions of the work, in which a moral purpose is aimed at, indicating energies that might, turned in a proper direction, produce acceptable results. Comedy, however, in so far as it deals with the manners of a particular age, the more elegant and refined forms of humour, the more polished flashes of wit, the lighter diversities of character, and the more playful traits of satire, appears to be entirely beyond the reach of Mr. Falconer.

The nature of the interest which the plot develops, and the characters which it brings into play, are easily described. One of those evils which are a great deal more abundant on the stage than in Doctors' Commons, and by which it is decreed that a certain young gentleman is to marry a certain young lady, or be disinherited, is the *primum mobile* of the entire action. The testator is represented as having risen to great wealth from an extremely low station, and consequently his own relations, of whom he had kept clear, are of the humbler sort, but whereas having married a baronet's daughter on his wife's side his connections are quite aristocratic. The object of the will seems to be to continue this alliance between high and low, and a niece of his wife Miss Lucy Vavasour, and his own nephew Frank Hawthorn, are left the bulk of his enormous wealth, on the condition that they shall contract a marriage within six months of the reading of the will, and in case either of the parties refuse the whole inheritance devolves on the other. Frank Hawthorn is of the Claude Melnotte school, of mean birth, and with the disadvantage of a drunken though poetical father, but who by his own efforts and innate tendency refines himself into a well-educated gentleman, but with a strong democratic bias and no less violent disposition to ethical discourses. The lady is, on the other hand, though not deficient in sense or heart, strongly tinged with aristocratic sentiments, and sedulously kept up to the proper Almack's mark by her mother and an *entourage* of sprigs of nobility. One of these, Sir Lionel Norman, is in constant attendance on her, attracted by the expected inheritance, and is not unkindly received. The reading of the will takes place at the mansion of the deceased old gentleman, which, until the day fixed for the decision of the cousins to be declared, is inhabited by Lucy Vavasour, her mother, as well as by the nephew and other members of the Hawthorn family; the raw produce of Lancashire, whom we shall presently notice. The elements of the interest being thus brought to a focus, the action commences. Lucy Vavasour seeks to disgust her low-born cousin by a show of heartlessness and coquettish airs, but is seen through, and brings on herself a series of moral harangues by which her heart is touched, and her aristocratic disdain finally turned to love. On his side, Frank Hawthorn is likewise in love, but fearing that his cousin may be induced to accept the conditions of the will only for the sake of the wealth it will confer, resolves to refuse them. When the time comes for decision, Lucy, who has learned her cousin's love, and suspects his intention, agrees to the marriage; and becoming mistress of the property through his refusal, lays it at his feet, with the assurance that she returns his love.

The country-bred cousin comes in contact, in the course of these doings, with the young lady's aristocratic acquaintances, Sir Lionel and Sir Augustus, who anticipate famous sport for their refined satire in his uncultivated manners and

ignorance of the usages of the fashionable world; but they are foiled by the complete moral and intellectual superiority displayed by their intended victim, and receive a castigation administered in a series of repartees rather remarkable for their vigorous personality than the brilliant qualities of the speaker. However peacefully inclined, indeed, "men of the day" may be, it is doubtful if such conversations as is represented in these scenes as taking place before ladies, would pass without a breach of the peace. So far as they go, however, these colloquial contests constitute the only attempts at sparkling dialogue in the comedy. In the characters of a middle-aged Lancashire lady, and her son and daughter, the author's vein of humour is more happily developed than in his power of brilliant writing in the instances alluded to. Making allowance for a little exaggeration, the homely, plain-speaking, and kind-hearted mother, and her rough cub of a son with his unsophisticated attachment to "dumplings" and "black puddings," and rustic shrewdness, are an approach to real nature, and spread an agreeable warmth amidst the frigid and stage-worn unrealities of the main plot. In addition to the personages already mentioned, there are an old doctor—very prosy in the endeavour to prove his eccentric bluffness, and with a very tiresome cant phrase, indicating his objection to most things—and a footman of the De la Pluche school, but whose long-winded obtrusions of stinky vulgarity are for the most part devoid of that extravagant humour and deep-lying satire which render this great type so amusing in the hands of its original delineator.

The present company of the Lyceum appears to be composed much as that under the former management, except that it differs from the important secession of Mr. Leigh Murray who was to have played the heir in the present production, but for some unexplained reason did not. On the other hand, it has received an acceptable addition to its strength in the persons of Messrs. Emery, Rogers, and Barrett—all of whom were aptly employed in the comedy; Emery as the Lancashire lad, Rogers as the footman, and Barrett as the old doctor. Mrs. Charles Young gave vivacity and a certain degree of grace and tenderness to the character of *Lucy Vavasour*. The principal male part, probably from necessity rather than choice, is played by Mr. Falconer, who neither in appearance, deportment, nor delivery does justice to his own conception, which he contrives to render even less interesting than it is originally calculated to be.

A new farce has also been produced here, entitled *Kicks and Halfpence*, but it is altogether too miserable a production to be dwelt upon. Its reception on the first night was characteristic of the altered temper of theatrical audiences. After a somewhat brisk start, a lamentable cloud of dullness crept over the proceedings on the stage, and steadily thickened never again to clear up. In olden times a storm of hisses would have brought matters to a climax, but the only result in the present instance was a general search for hats and cloaks, and a gradual dispersion of the auditors by twos and threes, as each individual or group in turn became surfeited with *ennui* and perplexity. Notwithstanding that there is but a moderate attractive power either in the company or the performance, the house nightly presents a goodly appearance, and if coin of the realm be represented thereby, Mr. Falconer will have no occasion to repent his adventure. Let us hope it may be so, and that he may be encouraged to continue in his new career, which if he do not write or act too much himself may end in adding another respectable theatrical enterprise to the few already existing, and one which may be more serviceable to the cause of the English drama than its predecessors.

MUSICAL GOSSIP FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE season for Singing-schools, and the re-opening of Academies and Female Seminaries, is fast approaching. The country is fast recovering

from its late commercial depression, and there is a good time coming for music-teachers as well as the rest of mankind. To the intelligent, honest, and diligent teacher, we tender our best wishes for his success; nay, if he is intelligent, honest, and diligent, we are sure of his success.

The closing *soirée* of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute took place on Wednesday, August 3, at Pittsfield, Mass. From a statement made by the Principal, we learn that eighty-three pupils have availed themselves of this Institution, now established between two and three years. During this time, fifty-one public *soirées* (two or more a month) have been given, at which the pieces performed were only such as constituted the daily study of the pupils.

At Buffalo, N. Y., the *Liedertafel* have made a musical pic-nic and excursion to the Falls, and had a delightful time. The only drawback to their enjoyment was the regret that a part, at least, of that immense body of water which is continually pouring over the huge rocks was not *lager-bier*, thus saving them a considerable expense in the matter of transportation alone. The Mendelssohn Association (is not the London *Musical World* gratified at these repeated instances of American respect for its *ne plus ultra*?) also will have a pic-nic to the Falls, taking Poppenberg down with them for a dance, but they don't take it so easily as the Teutons. It seems they, one hundred of the jolly good fellows of Buffalo, determined to sing down great Niagara, or at all events, make an orchestra of her mighty waters. Whether the voices were too powerful for the instruments, or *vice-versa*, we have not heard; but our idea is, that a grand chorus performed under such circumstances would much resemble those grand inauguration performances at the Boston Music Hall, where the Ninth Symphony was given without the voices.

As soon as matters get all straight about that Atlantic Telegraph Cable, and Valencia Bay and Trinity Bay are comfortably at work in close confabulation, Trinity Church, New York, celebrates the event by a grand *Te Deum*, and a joyous peal of chimes, comprising *Yankee Doodle*, *Blue Bells of Scotland*, etc., etc., and the *Drinking-Song from Lucresia Borgia*. There is another Mendelssohn! The "Mendelssohn Quartet Club," away out at Rock Island, Ill., have given a concert, assisted by Madame Wuppermann, a contralto, Miss McGregor, pianist, and Strosser's Union Band. So that they have "Mendelssohn" Clubs on the Mississippi River already. The "Normal Music Institute," at North Reading, Mass., was most successful on Wednesday week.—*New York Musical Review*.

THE GLACIERS OF SWITZERLAND.

THE following interesting letter is published at the request of Mr. Faraday:—

"August 23, 1858.

"My dear —, —I now sit down to wipe away the reproach of having written a letter to you and not sent it. I reached this mountain wild the day before yesterday. Soon after my arrival it commenced snowing, and yesterday morning the mountains were all covered by a deep layer. It heaped itself up against the windows of this room, obscuring half the light. To day the sun shines, and I hope he will soon banish the snow, for the snow is a great traitor on the glacier, and often covers smoothly chasms which it would not be at all comfortable to get into. I am here in a lonely house, the only traveller. If you cast your eye on a map of Switzerland you will find the Valley of Saas not far from Visp. High up this valley, and three hours above Saas itself, is the Distil Alp, and on this Alp I now reside. Close beside the house, a many-armed mountain torrent rushes; and a little way down a huge glacier, coming down one of the side valleys, throws itself across the torrent, dams it up, and forms the so-called "Matmark see." Looking out of another window I have before me an immense stone, the unshipped cargo of a glacier, and weighing at least 1000 tons. It is the largest boulder I have ever seen, is composed of serpentine, and

measures 216,000 cubic feet. Previous to coming here I spent ten days at the Riffl Hotel, above Zernatt, and explored almost the whole of that glorious glacier region. One morning the candle of my guide gleamed into my room at 3 o'clock, and he announced to me that the weather was good. I rose, and at 4 o'clock was on my way to the summit of Monte Rosa. My guide had never been there, but he had some general directions from a brother guide, and we hoped to be able to find our way to the top. We first reached the ridge above the Riffl, then dropped down upon the Görner glacier, crossed it, reached the base of the mountain, then up a boss of rock, over which the glacier of former days had flowed, and left its marks behind. Then, up a slope of ice to the base of a precipice of brown crags; round this we wormed till we found a place where we could assail it and get to the top. Then up the slopes and round the huge bosses of the mountain, avoiding the rifted portions, and going zigzag up the steeper inclinations. For some hours this was mere child's play to a mountaineer,—no more than an agreeable walk on a sunny morning round Kensington Gardens. But, at length, the mountain contracted her snowy shoulders to what Germans call a *kamus*—a comb; suggested, I should say, by the toothed edges which some mountain ridges exhibit, but now applied to any mountain edge, whether of rock or snow. Well, the mountain formed such an edge. On that side of the edge which turns towards the Lyskamm there was a very terrible precipice, leading straight down to the torn and fissured *névé* of the Monte Rosa glaciers. On the other side the slope was less steep, but exceedingly perilous-looking, and intersected here and there by precipices. Our way lay along the edge, and we faced it with steady caution and deliberation. The wind had so acted upon the snow as to fold it over, forming a kind of cornice, which overhung the first precipice to which I have alluded. Our track for some time was upon this cornice. The incessant admonition of my guide was to fix my staff securely into the snow at each step, the necessity of which I had already learned. Once, however, while doing this, my staff went right through the cornice, and I could see through the hole that I had made into the terrible gulf below. The morning was clear when we started, and we saw the first sunbeams as they lit the pinnacles of Monte Rosa, and caused the surrounding snow summits to flush up. The mountain remained clear for some hours, but I now looked upwards and saw a dense mass of cloud stuck against the summit. She dashed it gallantly away like a mountain queen; but her triumph was short. Dusky masses again assailed her, and she could not shake them off. They stretched down towards us; and now the ice valley beneath us commenced to seethe like a boiling cauldron, and to send up vapour masses to meet those descending from the summit. We were soon in the midst of them, and the darkness thickened; sometimes, as if by magic, the clouds partially cleared away, and through the thin pale residue the sunbeams penetrated, lighting up the glacier with a kind of supernatural glare. But these partial illuminations became rarer as we ascended. We finally reached the weathered rocks which form the crest of the mountain, and through these we now clambered up cliffs and down cliffs, walking erect along edges of granite with terrible depths at each side, squeezing ourselves through fissures, and thus by jumping, swinging, squeezing, and climbing we reached the highest peak of Monte Rosa.

"Snow had commenced to fall before we reached the top, and it now thickened darkly. I boiled water, and found the temperature 184-92 deg. Fahrenheit. But the snow was wonderful snow. It was all flower; the most lovely that ever eye gazed upon. There, high up in the atmosphere, this symmetry of form manifested itself, and built up these exquisite blossoms of the frost. There was no deviation from the six-leaved type, but any number of variations. I should hardly have exchanged this dark snow-fall for the best view the mountain could afford me. Still, our position was an anxious one. We could

only see a few yards in advance of us, and we feared the loss of our track. We retreated, and found the comb more awkward to descend than to ascend. However, the fact of my being here to tell you all about it proves that we did our work successfully. And now I have a secret to tell you regarding Monte Rosa: I had no view during the above ascent, but precisely a week afterwards the weather was glorious beyond description. I had lent my guide to a party of gentlemen, so I strapped half a bottle of tea and a ham sandwich on my back, left my coat and neck-cloth behind me, and in my shirt-sleeves climbed to the top of Monte Rosa alone. When I see you I will tell you all about this ascent, which was a very instructive one. I expect to remain here a week. The house is cold, and at present the wet comes through the ceiling. I have caught a slight cold, which I hope will soon pass away, as I want all my vigour upon the ice. When I quit this place I shall make my way to Chamouni, where I expect to be in eight or nine days. With kindest, &c.

"Most sincerely yours,
"JOHN TYNDALL."

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The East India Company, by the Act of the last Session, which came into operation on Wednesday the 1st inst., has ceased to exist so far as concerns the political government of our great dependency in the East. The event is too important to be altogether passed even by a literary journal; and so is that other event that Queen Victoria is now by law the sovereign of India without the incumbency of any intermediate power whatever. All the civil officers of the Company have become Her Majesty's servants; all the military and naval forces of the Company have become the Indian army and navy. Henceforth war will be declared, peace contracted, and treaties made in Her Majesty's name. The Company is, therefore, a thing of the past. But it remains a mighty name, and its traditions will last for ever.

Lord Stanley, at a Privy Council held yesterday, was sworn in as Secretary of State for India; and the first meeting of the "Council of India" will be held at the India House at two o'clock this day (Saturday).

The great change now effected, constitutes an important starting point for literature and art in India; and it is possible that upon a future occasion we may have some practical suggestions to offer in respect to both.

THE COMET.

Mr. Hind has published the following:—

The comet discovered by Dr. Donati on the 2nd of June being now visible in an ordinary night-glass, the following popular directions for finding it may prove acceptable.

Between the 1st and 20th of September, at 8 o'clock P.M., Greenwich time, the comet will be found about 10 deg. above the north-west point of the horizon, and, as its tail is rather conspicuous, there will be no difficulty in fixing upon the right object. It will become gradually brighter, until lost through proximity to the sun at the commencement of October.

For those who desire a more precise indication of the place of the comet the following numbers may be useful:—

At BERLIN, NOON.		Declination.	
Right Ascension.		°	
Sept. 1 ...	159 37	...	34 14 N.
" 3 ...	160 45	...	34 36
" 5 ...	161 59	...	34 57
" 7 ...	163 17	...	35 18
" 9 ...	164 44	...	35 39
" 11 ...	166 20	...	35 59
" 13 ...	168 0	...	36 15
" 15 ...	170 5	...	36 28
" 17 ...	172 18	...	36 37 N.

On Monday the Comet was just perceptible to the naked eye; its nucleus is strongly condensed and brilliant, and the tail is thrown off in the ordinary form without bifurcation.

Having remarked that about the passage

through the descending node this body must approach near the planet Venus, I have calculated its distances between the 15th and 23rd of October, and find the following results:—

DISTANCE OF COMET FROM VENUS IN DECIMALS OF THE EARTH'S MEAN DISTANCE.			
Oct. 15 ...	0.169	Oct. 21 ...	0.154
" 17 ...	0.113	" 23 ...	0.224
" 19 ...	0.105		

It is evident from these numbers that the inhabitants of Venus will see the celestial visitant to great advantage about the middle of October, and probably will retain as lasting remembrance of the comet of 1858 as we terrestrials do of the famous comet of 1811.

The comet of Encke, which revolves round the sun in three and one-third years, is now visible. I saw it on the 15th of the present month; but powerful instruments are required to observe it.

Another periodical comet, that discovered by M. Faye in 1843, which appeared in 1851, must also be again within the range of the telescope, though up to this date I have not heard of its having been recognised. It will be near the ecliptic in the constellation Taurus.

MISCELLANEA.

We beg to inform architects that the government of Greece has publicly advertised for designs, from architects of all countries, of a museum to be constructed at Athens, and has notified that the author of the best design will be selected to construct the edifice. Details of what is required may be obtained at the Greek Legation, London, and plans must be sent in before the 12th July of next year.

We regret to announce the decease of Mr. Ford, the accomplished author of the "Hand-Book for Spain," and various other popular works. He died on Tuesday at Hevitre House, Exeter; and was in his sixty-third year.

Sir Roderick Murchison, says the *John o' Groat's Journal*, who was for some days residing at Langwell, the Caithness seat of the Duke of Portland, is now at Dunrobin Castle, as a guest of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland.

A deputation has arrived from Canada, charged with a very important and certainly a very peculiar mission. It is no other than that the Prince of Wales should condescend to visit Toronto, and preside at the opening of the Crystal Palace in that city. How this request will be received by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort we know not; but we should say, that if there be no substantial political reasons against it, the royal compliance would produce a most favourable effect, not only upon Canada and throughout the whole of our colonies in America, which hereafter are to form a great federation probably under the regal sway of one of Her Majesty's younger sons. And its effect in the United States! Why we are not quite sure that the enthusiasm of our cousins at the sight of a real living prince, and the Prince of Wales too, would not lead them to forget their very republicanism, and to return to the mild sway of the old country.

The *Jewish Chronicle* says that a curious Hebrew publication has just issued from the Berlin Press—a biography of Alexander von Humboldt, written in the ancient tongue of Moses, and destined to extend the knowledge of the life and scientific labours of this celebrated man in the wide circle of the Russo-Polish and Asiatic Jews. The full title is "Alexander von Humboldt. A Biographical Sketch. Dedicated to the Nestor of Wisdom on his 88th Birthday. By S. Slominski." The author is a Russian Israelite, who some years ago invented a very clever calculating machine, and drew upon himself at that time, by his mathematical knowledge, the attention of the celebrated astronomers, Herren Bessel and Jacoby, of Königsberg.

The Prussian Minister of Commerce has just founded a special school for forming clerks for the electric telegraph offices.

At a meeting a week or two since of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a letter was read from the Hon. Edward Everett, in which it was said:—"It is just a century ago since Dr. Franklin, at the request of Professor Winthrop, of Harvard College (a relative, I believe, of our worthy President), sent a complete electrical battery, prepared in part with his own hands, to be used in the lectures on natural philosophy in that institution. This I suppose was the first occasion on which the astonishing and then recently observed phenomena of electricity were systematically demonstrated at a place of education. We may be permitted to reflect with some satisfaction, as citizens of Massachusetts, that she has given birth to three persons so prominently connected as Franklin, Morse, and Field, with the origin and progress of this wonder-working science, and especially as the last two named with this its most marvellous application. Let us still more rejoice in the anticipation that its beneficent results—which it tasks the most creative imagination to conceive the extent—will redound to the advantage of all mankind."

The Liverpool library is now upwards of 100 years old, and since its establishment there have been but four librarians. Mr. Ferris, who was appointed chief librarian in 1845, has within the last few days received a testimonial, consisting of a valuable time-piece and a purse containing 150*l.* presented by the proprietors. The presenter observed that the library now contained upwards of fifty thousand vols., and Mr. Ferris, by his long acquaintance with the establishment, had by heart the number, class, and exact position of almost every volume in the whole library; "so that if by any misfortune their catalogues should be burnt or destroyed, they had a living catalogue who could reproduce it instantly."

One of the few instances in which advantage has been taken of the Act of Parliament empowering the levying of a small rate for the support of a public museum and library, is at the cathedral town of Lichfield, where a handsome building has been erected by means of a rate. A circular has been issued, signed by the chairman of the committee, inviting contributions to the Museum. The committee intimate that small contributions tending to illustrate either ancient local history, or specimens of natural curiosities or of local manufactures, will be valued.

Two or three offers of contributions to the Fine Art Gallery in the new Town Hall at Leeds have been made. Mr. Jas. G. Marshall has presented Calcott's painting of 'Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters'; Mr. J. G. Uppley presents an architectural piece by Panini, a battle-piece by Bourgognone, and a portrait of William Pitt. Another gentleman has offered to present a full-length statue of the Leeds antiquarian and historian, Ralph Thoresby, provided some other gentleman will present a similar statue of John Harrison, the founder of St. John's Church and the Alms Houses, and the endower of the Grammar school in the town. We record these instances of liberality in our manufacturing towns with much pleasure.

The following is a verse of a ballad, not without pathos, sung at a "convention" of coloured people held at New Bedford, U. S., on the anniversary of Jamaican emancipation:—

"I heard Victoria plainly say,
If we would all forsake
Our native land of slavery
And come across the Lake,
That she was standing on the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home
Beyond the rolling tide.
Farewell, Old Master!
That's enough for me—
I'm going straight to Canada,
Where coloured men are free."

The Nelson Monument Restoration Committee are, we understand, about to commence the works necessary for restoring the beautiful column raised on the South Denes to the memory of England's greatest naval hero. The subscriptions amount at present to 488*l.*, but 200*l.* more will be required to carry out the proposed works.

Letters from Berlin state that Chevalier Bunsen was unable, on account of ill health, to accept the invitation of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to visit them at Babelsberg.

One effect of the appointment of the Prime Minister of Algeria has already been the removal of the collection of mosaics, columns, inscriptions, and basso-relievos, now in the Museum of the Louvre, back to Algiers.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has resolved to establish without delay a mission in the new colony of British Columbia.

A letter from Kertch states that a wealthy Armenian, of Nakhitchewan, M. Khaliboff, has given a sum of 50,000 silver roubles (200,000 fr.), for founding in that town an Armenian school for the gratuitous education of twenty orphans or poor children. He also intends to build an Armenian church at his own expense, and to establish an Armenian printing-office.

The Yorkshire Architectural Society hold a meeting at Ripon on the 14th and 15th inst., the Lord Bishop of Ripon presiding. During the afternoon of the first day there will be an excursion to Fountains' Abbey, and on the following day it is intended to visit Boroughbridge, Alboro', Whixley, Kirk Hammerton, Goldsbro', Knaresbro', and Farnham.

We are informed from Paris of the recent death of M. Ferdinand de Villeneuve, author of, or collaborateur in, a great number (about 200 altogether) of vaudevilles and other pieces, produced in the course of the last thirty years at the Vaudeville, Gymnase, Palais Royal, Gaité, and other theatres in that city. Amongst his best works are *Le Hussard de Felsheim*, *La Chanteuse et l'Ouvrière* (for Dejazet), and *L'Annuaire des 25,000 adresses*. He was much esteemed by his brethren, and was one of the principal members of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

The Alta California, of July 20, publishes a letter from a German physician at Fort Langley, on Fraser River, which gives a detailed account of the death of a miner by petrification, consequent upon drinking a mineral fluid known as *water of crystallisation*—a solution of silica—found in a *geode*. The statement is very circumstantial and very interesting; but so opposed to scientific experiences that it appears hardly entitled to full belief. The discovery, if true, is one of great interest and importance. The writer announces his intention to transmit specimens of the petrified body to the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia for examination. If he has done so, we shall hear of it again.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a letter from Montevideo was communicated, in which the writer, Dr. Léonard, an intimate friend of the late lamented philosopher, Bonpland, gave some particulars concerning his last moments. The Indians, it is stated, loved him so that they could not believe he was dead, and many from the borders of the Uruguay and the missions of Paraguay accompanied his body to Corrientes, where Governor Pujol intends to erect a monument to his memory.

The International Telegraphic Commission assembled at Berne has concluded its labours. The general tendency of the modifications adopted is to approach as nearly as possible to the Austro-German convention of Stuttgart; and, with that view, several articles of the French project have been replaced by the corresponding articles of a mixed convention signed at Brussels between France, Belgium, and Prussia, but which has not yet been ratified. The following basis has been adopted for the tariff:—For despatches not exceeding 20 words to distances not exceeding 100 kilometres ($\frac{3}{4}$ ths of a mile), 1fr. 50c.; for every additional 50 kil., 1fr. 50c. extra. For every additional ten words or fraction of that number, 75c. to distances not exceeding 100 kil.; and for every additional 50 kil. the same sum of 75c. is added. Thus, for example, a despatch not exceeding 30 words to a distance of 700 kil. will cost 9fr., and not exceeding 40 words 12fr.

The Italian Theatre at Paris, which will commence a new season on the 2nd October, announces that it has engaged Mmes. Grisi, Penco, De Ruda, Saint Urbain, Albani, and Nantier-Didici; Messrs. Mario, Tamberlik, Graziani,—tenors, Corsi, Zucchini, and Angelini.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 28th August, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3973; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 4887. On the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 640; one students' evening, Wednesday, 110. Total, 9610. From the opening of the Museum, 571,558.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Epistle to the Hebrews.—"Sir,—Perhaps this will be of use to F. N., who inquired some while back about St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. [*Literary Gazette*, N. S., p. 25.] The probability that such an epistle would have been written rests upon the fact of the earnest affection of St. Paul to the Hebrews, so often expressed. The personal hatred entertained towards him by his countrymen easily explains why his name is not affixed. The internal evidence that he wrote this epistle may be summed up briefly thus:—Similarity of plan between this and the other epistles, *vide Rom. xi.*, *Heb. xii.*; numerous verbal and idiomatic coincidences—two especial ones may be noted: the use of particle α (and) by St. Paul and St. Luke (his amanuensis), and a remarkable similarity of grammar in construction, which F. N. can easily discern, if a Greek student, between *Rom. xii. 9.* and *Heb. xiii. 5.* which construction is only to be found in St. Paul's writings; also mention of 'Timothy our brother,' and 'they of Italy salute you.' St. Paul being a polished scholar, could easily write in different styles, irrespective of inspiration. Add to this the almost universal testimony of antiquity, and F. N. may rest satisfied. There is an unsupported idea that Barnabas, or Apollon, or St. Luke, translated this epistle from Greek into Hebrew.—H. N. August 31, 1858."

National Architecture.—A SEPTUAGENARIAN (Brill) "desires to say a few words upon the subject of architectural progress." He says, "It seems an impossibility for any civilised body of persons acting with any thing approaching to unity, not to express its theological, military, and social characteristics through architectural media. Whatever may be said as to special æsthetic or memorial buildings of the first two of the universal empires, we have too magnificent and enduring memorials of Greece and Rome to render doubtful the character of these two latter forms of Catholic domination. Without adverting to the eastern elements of the East as distinguished from the western elements of the West, we are not the less sure that the Byzantine and Latin Christian empires have left us in no doubt as to the purposes of their theological structures. These two, or Western and Eastern, horns of Roman power have their distinct developments. The splendid building lately consecrated at St. Petersburg must, in its interior arrangements and detail, be accepted as distinctly and fully marking the æstheticism of the present Greek Church of the Roman western world. Buildings of later date than St. Peter's equally mark, as I assume, the ecclesiasticalism of the Latin Church of the same world. The Church buildings of the mediæval age are, I conclude, the true exponents of the Roman Catholic theology. The adaptation or appropriation by Protestant nationalities of Romanist structures does not destroy their claims to historical supremacy, however interior arrangements in particular may fix the period and purposes of a purer ritual, and mark a distinct and national reformation. Nonconformists seem at length attempting analogous idealities, and this curiously at a period when the annihilation of formal and material distinctions in civil and religious matters is specially promulgated by them. The architectural standing of our own nation, her scientific and executive ability, may well justify the British nation in looking to the production of a style of her own. Our ecclesiastical buildings, to say no more, should speak distinctly the faith of the nation, and not leave us, as now, ever looking up to examples that must be called the structures of a foreign, and of a deprecated and rejected ritualism."

Filling up the Thames.—A Correspondent sends us a printed document, purporting to emanate from a medical gentleman of Southampton, in which he proposes to get rid of the river Thames by a summary process. He would fill it up from Vauxhall to London Bridge. This is gravely advocated, and, lest we should be suspected of levity, we reprint from the document the proposition and the arguments by which it is supported:—

"I PROPOSE THEN, THAT THE THAMES BE ENTIRELY AND COMPLETELY FILLED UP FROM VAUXHALL TO LONDON BRIDGE!

"That in the middle of the river ONE Main Drain be imbedded, sufficiently capacious to take the whole of the Metropolitan Sewer, and the new water of the Thames, which would now not be tidal, and would tend to cleanse the Sewer and propel its contents onward towards the sea, at which, or some other point to be decided, it shall empty itself.

"When the Thames from between these two points, has been completely filled in and levelled, I propose Railways be laid upon the new surface, in connection particularly with the ships lying as now at London

Bridge, and that a complete system of rails be also laid for the various communications necessary for mercantile pursuits, as well as conveyance of passengers.

"That the existing Bridges still retain their present office of usefulness, as heretofore, being the medium of communication between the two sides of London, and thereby preventing any traffic across the proposed railways, and the possibility of accidents.

"By filling up the river between these two points, the river fogs, which now entangle the London smoke, carrying darkness, and, by its overcharge of carbon contained in the smoke, consumption and disease, and thousands annually, would be entirely obviated, and the atmosphere of this great city would be incomparably clearer and brighter, and the smoke nuisance would be greatly relieved.

"It is true I will take away a mile or two of your pestilential river, a river that has become a proverb of filth throughout the world, but I only take away the dirty part. I will only amputate the diseased limb, the asp from out of your bosom, which will surely sting you all and many to death, and I give you in return, railways from the foreign ships lying in your harbour at London Bridge, and they can now come no further up the river, which shall convey all their stores to your warehouses, in less time than at present, and will do you far more eminent service than the bit of river I wish you to give up."

Let us add that among a long string of titles the writer signs himself "Act. Ass. Surgeon, Army, Resigned."

Hudibras in French.—"Many of your readers may be unaware that Voltaire asserted that it would be impossible to make a translation of *Hudibras* in which the wit and quaintness of expression could be preserved, and that Sir John Towneley, an English gentleman in the French service, made the attempt, and was so successful, that he completed the translation, and published it in London in 1757. From the source whence I take the statement, I also extract a specimen:—

"He loosed his whinnyard and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane
Preserved his seat, and as a goose
In death contracts her talons close,
So did the knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw."

"Il lâcha rênes et rapière
Mais, se prenant à la crinière,
Garda la siège, et comme oiseau
En mourant serrent les engols,
Hudibras dans cette épouvante
D'un ergot tira la détente
D'un des pistolets, &c."

"E. COLEMAN."

The British Museum.—We have several letters upon the subject of the proposed separation of the departments of the British Museum, but space will not permit their insertion. We shall take an early opportunity of adverting to the subject.

A Correspondent from Bilston asks, "Will you please inform me in an early number of the *Gazette*, when Mr. Dickens's 'Christmas Carol' was first published."

Author of the Velvet Cushion.—"Can you inform me whether the reverend author of the 'Velvet Cushion,' once a famous satire, is still living? [We are happy to be able to answer our correspondent in the affirmative. The venerable author of the 'Velvet Cushion,' 'Sancho, or the Proverbialist,' 'A Day without Sins,' and other works, noted in 'their day,' is in health, and resident at Harrow.

EDWARD WILMOT.—Received, and under consideration.

A. P. (Bath).—We are obliged, but the statement you transmit is self-contradictory in several points.

F. M. J.—Entirely without foundation, we imagine.

B. LETTS, HENRY M. YOUNG, ARBOR VITÆ, H. DUNSDOWN (we think), ONE WHO HAS SEEN, E.A., J.E.B.—Received.

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Emperor Napoleon III.

OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

Zoophytes.

1. *Sertularia Polyzonias*.
2. *Finstia chartacea*.
3. *Plumularia cristata*.
4. *Notamia Bursaria*.
5. *Sertularia operculata*.
6. *Laomedea geniculata*.
7. *Cellularia Avicularia*.
8. *Sertularia Rosula*.
9. *Plumularia falcata*.
10. *Sertularia pumila*.
11. *Plumularia pinnata*.
12. *Cellularia reptans*.
- 12a. *Cellularia ciliata*.
- 12b. *Crisea eburnea*.
- 12c. *Crisea cornuta*.
- 12d. *Laomedea dichotoma*.
- 12e. *Sertularia dendigera*.
- 12f. *Gemicellaria lorica*.

Infusorial Earths.

13. From Algiers.
14. " West Point, New York.
15. " Mul.
16. " Bilin.
17. " Italy.
18. " Barbadoes.
19. " Auvergne.
20. " Richmond, U.S.
21. " Bangor, U.S.
22. " New Durham, U.S.
23. " Kieselguhr.
24. " Lapland (Bergmehl).
- 24a. " Gossa, Bohemia.
- 24b. " Obero, in Lunenburg, Germany.
- 24c. " Habichtswald, near Cassel, Germany (Polishing Slate).
- 24d. " Tullamore, co. Down, Ireland.
- 24e. " Loch Mourne, Ireland.
- 24f. " Premnay, Aberdeenshire.

Palates of Mollusca.

25. *Helix aspersa*, Garden Snail.
26. *Whelk* (*Buccinum*).

Palates of Mollusca.

27. *Limnaea stagnalis*.
28. Chiton.
29. Nerite.
30. Limpit.
- 31.
32. *Trochus crassus*.
33. *Trochus ziziphinus*.
34. *Helix virgata*.
35. *Helix nemoralis*.
36. *Natica glaucina*.
37. *Purpura*.
38. *Winkle* (*Littorina*).
39. *Haliotis tuberculata*.
- 39a. *Aplysia*.
- 39b. *Pleurobranchus*.
- 39c. Black Slug.
- 39d. *Doris bilamellata*.

Botanical.

40. Spiral Vessels of Cobaea.
41. Fibro-cells of Sphagnum Moss.
42. Spiral Vessels, Seed of Collomia.
43. Cuticle of Yucca.
44. Cuticle of Amaryllis.
45. Cuticle of Aloe.
- 45a. Raphides in stem of Yellow Water Lily.
- 45b. Cuticle of Leaf of Passion Flower.
- 45c. Spiral cells of Onocidium.
- 45d. Stellate hairs from leaf of Deutzia.
- 45e. Beech Wood (Trans. Sect.).
- 45f. Apple Wood (Trans. Sect.).
- 45g. Cuticle of Hyacinth.
- 45h. Ducts of Carrot.
- 45i. Snake Wood, Section of.

Hairs.

46. Albino Mole.
47. Albino Rat.
48. Dormouse.
49. White Mouse.
50. Common Bat.
51. Bat (*Cynopterus*).
52. Elephant (Transverse Section).
53. *Ornithorhynchus*.

Hairs.

54. Camel.
55. Reindeer.
- 55a. Dermestes.
- 55b. Brahmin Cow.

Spicules of Sponges.

56. *Grantia nivea* (Triradiate).
57. *Grantia compressa*.
58. *Sponge* (Bicurved).
59. *Pachymatisma* (Crutches).
60. *Halichondria incrustans*.
61. *Halichondria Griffithii* (Pins).
62. *Sponge* (Stars).
63. *Sponge* (Philippine Islands).
64. *Sponge* (Pins and Hooks).
65. *Sponge* (Clubs).
66. *Dysidea fragilis*.
67. *Alcyonium digitatum*.

Spicules of Gorgonia.

68. *Muricata*.
69. *Ampla*.
70. Tricolor, Red.
71. Tricolor, Yellow.
72. *Filicata*.
73. *Verrucosa* (Devon).
74. *Decussata*.
75. *Crista Galli*.
76. *Minata*.
77. *Pinna*.
78. *Purpurea*.
79. *Plumatilis*.

Miscellaneous.

80. Anchors of Synapta.
81. Fossil Coniferous Wood (Tasmania).
82. *Arachnoidiscus*.
83. *Isthmia obliquata*.
84. *Cladobates spinosus* (Polariscope).
85. Calcareous bodies from *Holothuria tremula* (Polariscope).
86. Calcareous bodies from *Holothuria Pentactes* (Polariscope).
87. Horn of Rhinoceros; Transv. Sect. (Polariscope).

Miscellaneous.

88. Human Tooth; Transv. Sect. (Polariscope).
89. *Salicine* (Polariscope).
90. Claws of *Astrophyton* (Star-fish).
91. Recent Diatomaceae.
92. Spores of Fern.
93. Spine of *Echinus* (Transv. Sect.).
94. Feather of Humming-Bird.
95. Scales of Podura.
96. Scales of *Pontia brassica* (White Butterfly).
97. Scales of Sphinx Moth.
98. Forameniferous shells from *Sponge Sand*.
99. *Navicula Hippocampus*.
100. Gemmules of *Tethia* *Sponge*.
101. Spicules of *Melastrea*.
102. Spicules of *Melastrea ochracea*.
103. Comb of Spider's Foot.
104. Scales of *Vanessa urtica*.
105. Scales of *Lepisma*.
106. Proboscis of Bee.
- 106a. Antenna of Bee.
- 106b. Foot of Bee.
107. *Gomphonema geminatum*, Flus-tiles of.
108. *Biddulphia* and *Amphitetras*.
109. *Melosira Borreri*.
110. Scales of *Morpho Menelaus*.
111. Skin of *Doris tuberculata*.
112. Spicules from Skin of *Doris tuberculata*.
113. Tongue of Wasp.
114. Foot of Wasp.
115. Sting of Wasp.
116. Spicules from Red Coral.
117. *Rotalia* from Chalk, Dover.
118. Calcareous bodies from *Holothuria*, from Tonga Taboo, Friendly Islands.
119. *Acanthos longipes* (Diatom).
120. *Licmophora splendida* (Diatom).
121. *Grammatophora marina* (Diatom).
122. *Rhabdonema* (Diatom).
123. *Campylodiscus clypeus*.
124. *Xanthidia* in flint.
125. Human Flea.

MICROGEOLOGY AND MICROMINERALOGY.

SERIES OF MICROSCOPICAL SPECIMENS.

Illustrative, 1st, of the numerous *Microzoa* that have aided in forming many of the Strata of the Globe; and, 2dly, of the minute Structure of the Rocks themselves.

The former comprise the FORAMINIFERA, ENTOMOSTRACA, BRYOZOA, &c.; and the latter illustrate the Oolitic, Coralline, and other Limestones.

FORAMINIFERA.

PLIOCENE.

201. *Truncatulina lobatula*, Crag, Suffolk.
202. *Nonionina communis*, Crag, Suffolk.
203. *Miliola* (*Triloculina*, &c.), Crag, Suffolk.
204. *Textularia sagittula*, Crag, Suffolk.

MIDDLE EOCENE.

205. *Alveolina Boschi*, Bracklesham.
206. *Rotalia obscura*, Bracklesham.
207. *Ovulites margaritatus*, Grignon, France.
208. *Miliola* (*Quinqueloculina*, &c.), Grignon, France.
209. *Miliola* (*Quinqueloculina*, &c.), Whitecliff Bay, Isle of Wight.
210. *Nummulina variolaria*, Whitecliff Bay, Isle of Wight.
211. *Nummulina variolaria*, Bracklesham.
212. *Nummulina variolaria*, Stubbington.
213. *Nummulina variolaria* (large variety), Barton, Hants.
214. *Nummulina planulata*, Ghent, Belgium.
215. *Nummulina planulata*, Courtray, Belgium.
216. *Nummulina levigata*, Bracklesham.

LOWER EOCENE.

217. *Clavulina communis*, London Clay, Copenhagen Fields.
218. *Dentalina spinulosa*, London Clay, Copenhagen Fields.
219. *Cristellaria cultrata*, London Clay, Copenhagen Fields.
220. *Marginalina Wetherellii*, London Clay, Copenhagen Fields.

CHALK.

221. *Bulimina variabilis*, Chalk, Essex.
222. *Cristellaria rotulata*, Chalk, Essex.
223. *Nodosaria Zippel*, Chalk, Wilts.

CHALKMARL.

224. *Cristellaria rotulata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
225. *Vaginulina costulata*, and var., Chalkmarl, Kent.
226. *Frondicularia Cordai*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
- 226a. *Flabellina ovata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
227. *Verrucina tricarinata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
228. *Rosalina ammonoides*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
229. *Bulimina obtusa*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
230. *Textularia trochus*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
231. *Textularia prelonga*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
232. *Placopsilina irregularis*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
233. *Placopsilina irregularis* (nautiloid variety), Chalkmarl, Kent.
234. *Placopsilina irregularis* (attached), Chalkmarl, Kent.
235. *Dentalina aculeata* (D'Orb.), Chalkmarl, Kent.
236. *Dentalina communis*, Chalkmarl, Kent.

GAULT.

237. *Vaginulina costulata*, Gault, Kent.
238. *Cristellaria rotulata*, Gault, Kent.
239. *Bulimina obtusa*, Gault, Kent.

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241. *Cythere torosa*, Chisle, Kent.
242. *Cythere torosa*, Wearfarm, Kent.

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243. *Cythere Woodiana*, Crag, Suffolk.
244. *Cythere flavidia*, Crag, Suffolk.
245. *Cythere punctata*, Crag, Suffolk.
246. *Cythere trigonula*, Crag, Suffolk.
247. *Cythere laqueata*, Crag, Suffolk.
248. *Cythere pinguis*, Crag, Suffolk.
249. *Bairdia subdeltoides*, Crag, Suffolk.

UPPER EOCENE.

250. *Cythere plicata*, Colwell, Isle of Wight.

MIDDLE EOCENE.

251. *Cythere*, Muller, Barton.
252. *Cythere striatopunctata*, Barton.
253. *Cythere striatopunctata*, Highcliff.

BRYOZOA.

269. *Pustulopora*, &c., Chalk, Wilts.
270. *Pustulopora*, &c., Chalkmarl, Kent.

MISCELLANEOUS MICROZOA.

271. *Coccinopora pileolus*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
272. *Terebratulæ*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
- 272a. Crinoidal joints, Chalkmarl, Kent.
273. *Serpulæ*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
- 273a. *Ostreæ*, Chalkmarl, Kent.

CHALK.

254. *Bairdia subdeltoides*, Chalk, Kent.

CHALKMARL.

255. *Bairdia subdeltoides*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
256. *Bairdia siligua*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
257. *Cythereis ciliata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
258. *Cythereis*, quadrilatera, Chalkmarl, Kent.
259. *Cythereis triplicata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
260. *Cytherea perforata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
261. *Cythereis ovata*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
262. *Cytherea Williamsoniana*, Chalkmarl, Kent.
263. *Cytherea Munsteri*, Chalkmarl, Kent.

GAULT.

264. *Cythereis quadrilatera*, Gault, Kent.
265. *Cythereis ciliata*, Gault, Kent.
266. *Cytherea perforata*, Gault, Kent.
267. *Cytherea Munsteri*, Gault, Kent.
268. *Cytherea ovata*, Gault, Kent.

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miums, was..... £211,405 7 8
From interest on capital..... 63,926 9 4Total income..... £275,331 17 0
Amount of capital..... £1,309,367 17 11Amount paid for claims arising from death, and
bonuses accrued thereon..... £700,324 17 11The Directors in their report to the annual meeting on the 22nd
December last, referred to the progress the Actuary had made in the
investigation of the assets and liabilities of the Institution up to
the 20th November last; they have now the pleasure of stating
the amount of profit accrued as under:
Computed value of Assurances in Class IX..... 1,000,000 16 6
Assets in this class..... 1,345,125 0 5
Difference, being surplus or profit..... 345,125 3 11
Of which the sum of £305,000 11s. 7d. is now in course of appropria-
tion among the members, either by a reduction of premium for the
next five years, or by apportioning a bonus to the sum assured, as
they may have elected; the remaining £40,000 12s. 4d. being held in
reserve to the next division.
As respects Class X. the sum of £11,350 is also being apportioned.The following are a few instances which illustrate the reductions
from the original premiums made at this division for the five years
ending 20th November, 1857; and the aggregate amount of abate-
ment which has been made since the respective policies have been
issued; and also the amount of bonus assigned to policies on which
the profit has been so applied.**REDUCTIONS IN PREMIUM.**

Date of Policy.	Age.	Original Assured.	Original Premium.	Premium now Payable.	Reduction per Cent.	Total Amount Abated.
March, 1836.	28	200	£ 4 14 6	2 6 4	51	40 17 1
April, 1836.	34	500	26 0 0	5 7 9	80	233 13 9
Aug. 1837.	30	200	13 10 4	0 4 6	96	163 2 6
Nov. 1839.	27	100	9 9 4	Prem. extinct.	100	110 0 0
Jan. 1841.	28	400	9 14 8	5 14 4	41	54 0 0
March, 1842.	31	500	32 19 2	10 14 7	67	237 1 8
Jan. 1844.	32	1000	49 15 0	29 3 4	42	286 10 0
Jan. 1846.	31	1000	23 13 4	15 6 8	33	93 15 0
Jan. 1849.	30	100	6 11 4	4 1 8	37	18 15 0
Jan. 1851.	36	1000	126 0 0	81 0 8	36	384 16 8
Jan. 1853.	23	600	10 15 0	7 13 4	29	13 8 4

ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.

Date of Policy.	Age.	Sum Assured.	Total Addition to Policy, Nov., 1857.
January, 1836	30	1,000	£ 425 5 0
February, 1840	46	500	159 6 0
January, 1841	63	5,000	2,694 10 0
February, 1845	45	1,000	383 7 0
December, 1847	49	1,000	219 15 0
April, 1848	31	5,000	728 11 0
April, 1851	38	1,000	167 1 0
October, 1852	38	5,000	395 5 0

The Directors refer with great confidence to these statements, and
believe they will be considered, both by the members and the public
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